

CALEDONIA COUNTY  
GRAMMAR SCHOOL

---

100<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY

This book is given in memory of my parents,  
Ira Dunn and Clara Dopp Farrow, who were  
graduated from this Academy in 1913.

Marie F. Forehan

2004







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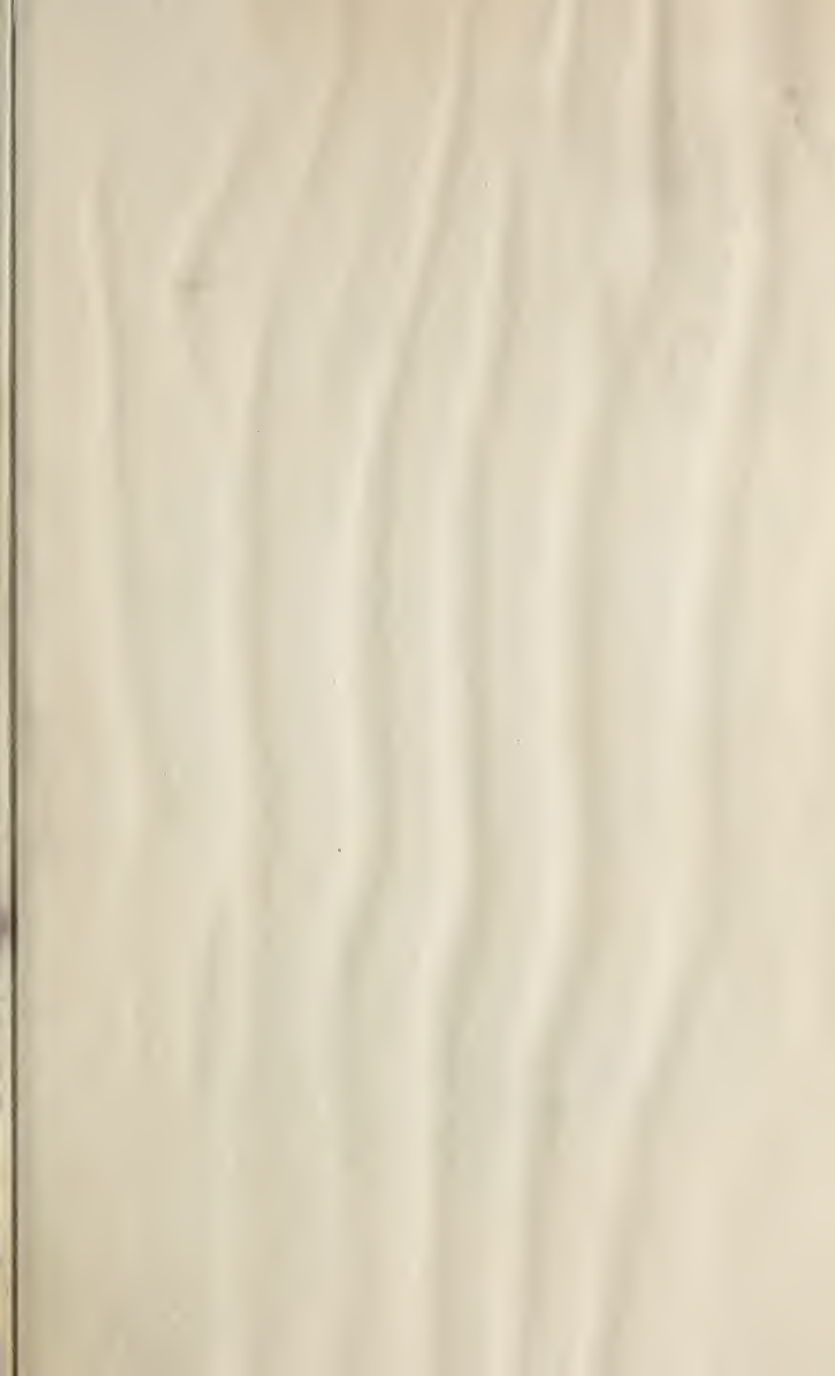
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CALEDONIA COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

100TH ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE  
CALEDONIA COUNTY  
GRAMMAR SCHOOL

PEACHAM, VERMONT

REPORT OF THE  
COMMEMORATIVE EXERCISES

AUGUST 11-12, 1897

PEACHAM, VERMONT  
PUBLISHED BY THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

1900

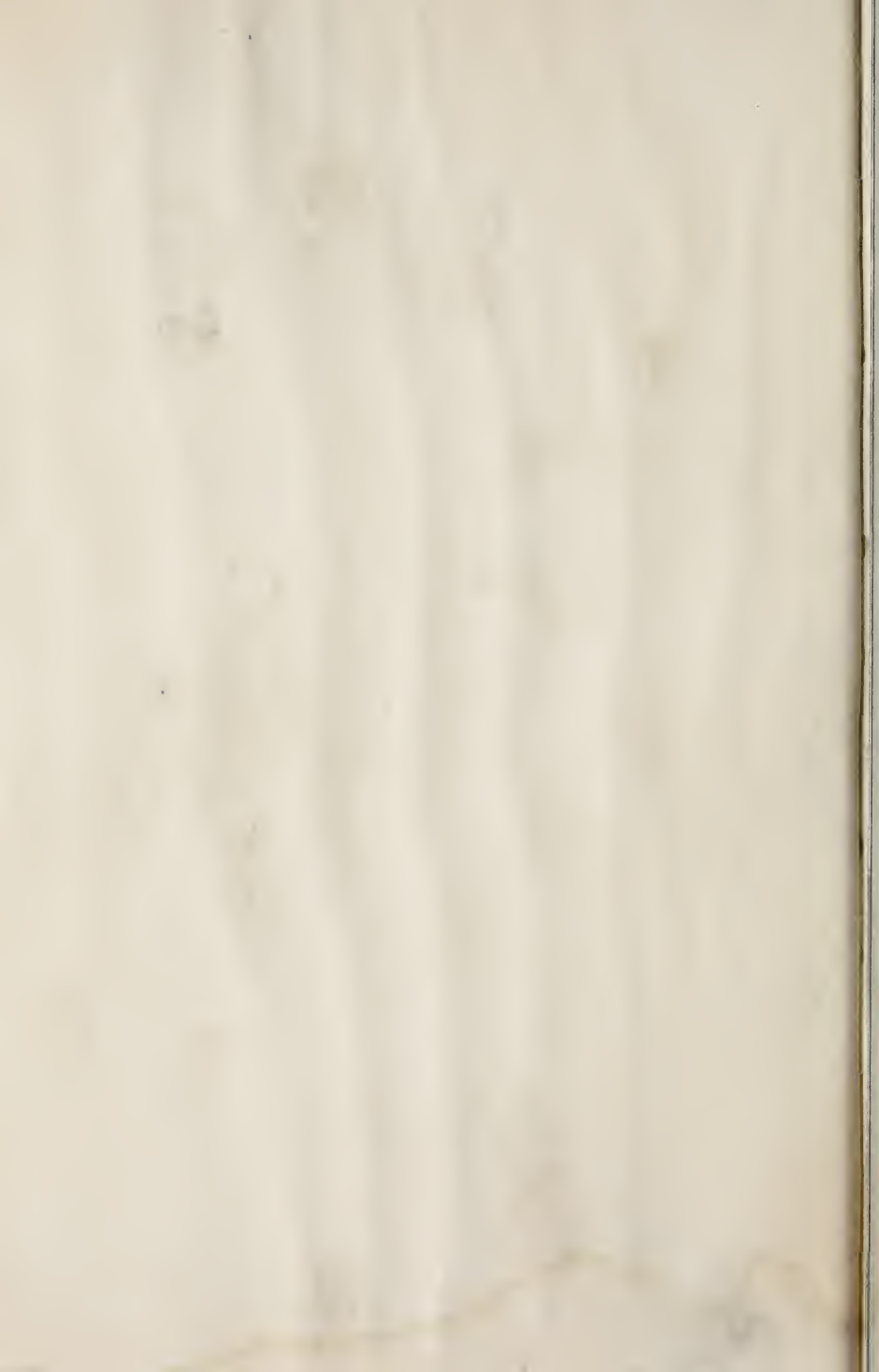
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TO  
THE STUDENTS  
PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE  
OF THE  
CALEDONIA COUNTY  
GRAMMAR SCHOOL





## BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

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### PRESIDENTS.

1795	Hon. Alexander Harvey	1799
1799	Rev. David Goodwillie	1813
1813	Hon. William Chamberlain	1829
1829	Rev. L. Worcester	1839
1839	Hon. John W. Chandler	1840
1840	William Mattocks, Esq.	1841
1841	Rev. Thomas Goodwillie	1845
1845	Dr. Josiah Shedd	1852
1852	Rev. Thomas Goodwillie	1867
1867	Rev. James M. Beattie	1884
1884	Dr. L. F. Parker	1892
1892	Hon. Cloud Harvey	

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### SECRETARIES.

1795	Hon. William Chamberlain	1812
1812	Rev. Leonard Worcester	1839
1839	Dr. Josiah Shedd	1842
1842	Rev. David Morrill	1851
1851	Rev. Asaph Boutelle	1865
1865	Mordecai Hale, Esq.	1870
1870	John Varnum, Jr.	

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### TREASURERS.

APPOINTED		RESIGNED
1795	James Whitelaw	1806
1806	Hon. John Chandler	1840
1840	Samuel A. Chandler, Esq.	1855
1855	Rev. Asaph Boutelle	1856
1856	Hon. E. C. Chamberlain	1870
1870	John Varnum, Jr.	1889
1889	George P. Blair	

# PRINCIPALS.

## COMMENCED

Aug., 1797	Ezra Carter, Esq.
Aug., 1803	Jeremiah Evans, Esq.
Aug., 1804	Uriah Wilcox, Esq.
Aug., 1806	Ezra Carter, Esq.
Jan., 1810	Rev. David Chassell, D.D.
Aug., 1815	Daniel Miltimore Christie
Oct., 1817	Mellen Chamberlin
June, 1818	James Stuart, Esq.
Oct., 1821	Rev. David Merrill
Oct., 1822	Joshua Foss
Dec., 1822	Prof. William Chamberlin
Feb., 1823	James Stuart, Esq.
Sept., 1823	Adams Moore, M.D.
Sept., 1824	Benj. West Bonney
Jan., 1825	Samuel Long, M.D.
Sept., 1826	Rev. Joseph Thatcher
Sept., 1828	John Mason Parker, Esq.
Sept., 1830	Rev. Everts Worcester
Dec., 1831	Rev. Amos Brown
Feb., 1832	Rev. Jos. Connor Bodwell
June, 1832	Rev. John Hopkins Worcester
Aug., 1832	Prof. Noah Worcester, M.D.
Aug., 1836	Rev. Prof. S. Colcord Bartlett
Aug., 1838	Rev. John King Lord
Aug., 1839	Charles Chauncey Chase
Aug., 1845	William Chamberlin Bradlee
Aug., 1847	John Paul, Jr.
Aug., 1848	Alfred Rix, Esq.
Aug., 1850	Ira Osmore Miller
Aug., 1852	Thomas Scott Pearson
May, 1855	William Kimbail Rowell
Sept., 1855	Stephen Sargeant Morrill
July, 1856	W. E. Barnard
Sept., 1858	C. O. Thompson
Sept., 1860	Rev. Lyman Watts
Sept., 1862	C. O. Thompson
Nov., 1864	Wm. Preston
Feb., 1865	Morgan Butler
Sept., 1865	Charles Chase, Jr.
Sept., 1866	C. Q. Tirrell
Sept., 1867	C. A. Bunker
Sept., 1896	C. H. Cambridge

## GRADUATED FINISHED DIED

Dartmouth	Aug., 1803	
Yale	Aug., 1804	1831
Dartmouth	Aug., 1806	
Dartmouth	Jan., 1810	1811
Dartmouth	July, 1815	
Dartmouth	Oct., 1817	
Dartmouth	June, 1818	1839
Yale	Oct., 1821	
Dartmouth	Oct., 1822	1850
	Dec., 1822	
Dartmouth	Feb., 1823	1830
Yale	Sept., 1823	
Dartmouth	Sept., 1824	
Dartmouth	Jan., 1825	
Dartmouth	Aug., 1826	
Middlebury	Aug., 1828	1844
Middlebury	Sept., 1830	
Dartmouth	Nov., 1831	1836
Dartmouth	Feb., 1832	
Dartmouth	May, 1832	
Dartmouth	June, 1832	
Harvard	July, 1836	1847
Dartmouth	July, 1838	
Dartmouth	July, 1839	1849
Dartmouth	July, 1845	
Dartmouth	July, 1847	1850
Dartmouth	July, 1848	
Univ. Vt.	July, 1850	
Univ. Vt.	July, 1852	
Middlebury	May, 1855	
Dartmouth	July, 1855	
Dartmouth	July, 1856	
	July, 1858	
Dartmouth	Sept., 1860	
Middlebury	Sept., 1862	
Dartmouth	Sept., 1864	
Dartmouth	Sept., 1865	
	Sept., 1865	
	Sept., 1866	
Dartmouth	Sept., 1867	
Dartmouth	July, 1896	
Tufts		

## INTRODUCTION

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It was the intention of those in charge of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Caledonia County Grammar School to have this record printed immediately after the exercises were concluded. The only funds available for the purpose, however, were those of the Alumni Association, whose trustees did not feel warranted in expending the amount of money required to produce a suitable volume. Arrangements have since been made on behalf of the Association which enable it to issue this publication without encroaching upon the funds in its treasury. All of the money derived from the sales of the book, moreover, will go into the treasury of the Alumni Association for its general use in aid of the Academy as provided by its by-laws and as directed by its trustees.



## ILLUSTRATIONS

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## PREFATORY NOTE

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Although a celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Caledonia County Grammar School had long been desired by the alumni and friends of the school, no definite plans were suggested until after the Trustees, at their annual meeting in June, 1896, had voted to have a centennial celebration.

During the summer of 1896 plans were proposed by several of the former students, and, as a result, a meeting was called, September 8, 1896, by Hon. Cloud Harvey, President of the Trustees, to take action in regard to the matter.

At this meeting a nominating committee was chosen consisting of Hon. Cloud Harvey, President of the Board of Trustees; Hon. George P. Blair, Treasurer of the Board; Lafayette Strobbridge, E. C. Blanchard, Mrs. C. A. Bunker and Mrs. Herbert Hooker. This committee, after due consultation with many interested in the project, decided upon the appointment of various committees to take charge of the work, and, at a subsequent meeting, reported committees on finance, oratory, history, addresses, odes and poems, music, invitations, and entertainment. To these were added a social, memorial and a reception committee. Hon. George P. Blair was appointed treasurer and Mrs. C. A. Bunker, secretary. A central executive committee composed of the chairmen of the general committees had authority to pass upon the plans of the various committees and had the supervision and charge of the celebration. It was composed of:

CLoud HARVEY, President of the Board.

C. A. BUNKER, Chairman Social Committee.

C. H. CAMBRIDGE, Chairman Memorial Committee.

NELSON J. WHITEHILL, Chairman Oratory Committee.

EDWARD H. McLACHLIN, Chairman Reception Committee.

L. F. PARKER, Chairman History Committee.

MRS. F. E. PALMER, Chairman Music Committee.  
 J. S. KENERSON, Chairman Invitation Committee.  
 W. A. RICKER, Chairman Entertainment Committee.  
 G. B. M. HARVEY, Chairman Finance Committee.  
 MRS. C. A. BUNKER, Secretary.  
 MISS MARY L. MARTIN, Assistant Secretary.  
 GEORGE P. BLAIR, Treasurer.

The time fixed upon by the executive committee for the celebration was August 11 and 12, 1897.

A circular letter addressed to the alumni and friends of the school, for the purpose of awakening interest, was issued by the chairman of the finance committee, G. B. M. Harvey. A Centennial Fund was thus started and this fund was to defray the expenses of the celebration. Whatever remained in the treasury after expenses were paid was to be used for the school.

Those contributing to this fund were as follows:

G. B. M. Harvey, New York.....	\$150.00
John G. Brown, Utica, N. Y.....	50.00
H. K. Elkins, Chicago, Ill.....	25.00
F. E. Sargeant, Anaconda, Mont.....	50.00
Mrs. Abbie L. Tyler, Boston, Mass.....	10.00
Mrs. M. E. Wheeler, Portville, N. Y.....	50.00
Mrs. Eliza Mattocks, Enfield, N. H.....	5.00
Mrs. Abbie Butler, Windsor, Vt.....	2.50
Horace P. McClary, Windsor, Vt.....	2.50
Edward W. Wild, Keene, N. H.....	2.00
Ex-Gov. C. A. Page, Hyde Park, Vt.....	5.00
George C. Sanborn, Snowdon, N. C.....	5.00
Martin E. McClary, Malone, N. Y.....	10.00
Dr. James Goodwillie, New York.....	10.00
Mrs. Margaret S. Hamilton, Waterbury, Conn.....	1.00
Ira G. Blake, Worcester, Mass.....	5.00
Milton E. Blanchard, San Francisco, Cal.....	1.00
Ira O. Miller, New York.....	10.00
Mrs. Mary Semple, New York.....	1.00
Mrs. Caroline Holmes, Barnet, Vt.....	10.00
Mrs. Alice F. Stevens, Washington, D. C.....	2.00
Miss Amy B. Fisk, Montpelier, Vt.....	1.00
A. H. Kenerson, Boston, Mass.....	5.00
Rev. S. S. Martyn, Derby, Conn.....	5.00
W. H. Ingraham, Watertown, Mass.....	5.00

Mrs. Sophia Orton, Chicago, Ill.....	2.00
Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman, St. Johnsbury, Vt.....	1.00
Horace Warden, Barnet, Vt.....	2.00
Henry M. Stevens, Johnson, Vt.....	1.00
Mrs. J. W. Paine, Baltimore, Md.....	1.00
Miss Anna H. Kidder, Tokio, Japan.....	2.00
B. Frank Stevens, London, England.....	24.30
Mrs. Alvin Jones, Malcolm, Iowa.....	1.00
Peter Faris, Boston, Mass.....	.50
Harry R. Hand, Rockford, Ill.....	2.00
Dr. Edward Cowles, Boston, Mass.....	10.00
William V. McLachlin, Jefferson, N. H.....	1.00
Miss Hannah N. Stuart, Somerville, Mass.....	1.00
Mrs. W. B. Murray, Montgomery, Ala.....	1.00
C. A. Ricker, Groton, Vt.....	1.00
Dr. Albert Warden, New York.....	5.00
Rev. M. M. Martin, Ovid, Mich.....	1.00
Mrs. Helen M. Blanchard, Broadhead, Mich.....	1.00
Lewis Meader, Providence, R. I.....	1.00

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\$481.80

The following programme was arranged by the executive committee for Wednesday and Thursday, August 11 and 12, 1897.

### PROGRAMME.

#### Wednesday, August 11th.

Sunrise—Anvil Chorus.....Conducted by Frank E. Palmer  
10 A.M.—ACADEMY HALL.

1. Music.....Neapolitan Orchestra
2. Organization of Alumni Association,  
Edward H. McLachlin, Chairman of meeting
3. Music.

#### 2 P. M.—TENT.

Music by Sherman Orchestra.

Symposium, conducted by Nelson J. Whitehill, A.M.

1. Address by the Chairman.
2. Music.....Ira G. Blake
3. Address by President of Board of Trustees..Hon. Cloud Harvey
4. Music.....Neapolitan Orchestra
5. Letters from Noted Alumni.....Read by Dr. Edward R. Clark
6. Music.....Sherman Orchestra
7. Five-Minute Speeches, interspersed with music by William  
Ingraham, Dr. L. F. Parker, Mrs. M. C. Wheeler, J. S.  
Kenerson, Rev. Henry Shaw, Judge Waterman, Miss  
Abbie Chamberlain, Mrs. M. S. Hunt, Judge John G.  
Connor, Dr. Albert Warden, E. H. McLachlin and others.
8. Hallelujah Chorus.....Led by Prof. H. H. May
9. Poem.....Fred L. Gibson
10. "America".....The Audience

8 P. M.—CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—GRAND CENTENNIAL  
CONCERT.

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Thursday, August 12th.

10 A. M.—TENT.

Rev. Dr. E. E. Strong, Chairman.

1. Music.....Sherman Orchestra
2. Prayer.....Rev. S. S. Martyn
3. Chorus.....Led by Prof. H. H. May
4. Welcome.....Rev. J. K. Williams
5. Music.....Orchestra
6. Historical Address.....Hon. C. A. Bunker
7. Music.....Neapolitan Orchestra
8. Poem.....Prof. H. D. Wild
9. Music.....Sherman Orchestra
10. Present and Future Needs.....Prin. C. H. Cambridge
11. Music.....Neapolitan Orchestra

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1 P. M.—DINNER.

Prayer by Rev. C. W. Robinson.

2.30 P. M.—TOASTS.

Martin Eugene McClary, Toastmaster.

1. Our Green Mountain State.....Hon. Charles D. Bell
2. Old Peacham.....Rev. S. S. Martyn
3. Caledonia County.....Charles A. Choate
4. Our Academy.....Hazen M. Parker
5. In Days of Old.....A. H. Kenerson
6. When We Were Boys Together.....L. H. Meader
7. The Press of Peacham.....Dr. E. R. Clark
8. The Men We Breed.....T. S. Varnum
9. Song.....Prof. H. H. May
10. The Old Lyceum.....John C. Stewart
11. The Education of Woman Fifty Years Ago.....Miss Sara A. Bailey
12. In the Early Fifties.....Rev. Moses M. Martin
13. The Rising Generation.....Mrs. Nina Merrill Hooker
14. Our Friends.....Marshall Montgomery and Others
15. Chorus—"Te Deum."

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7.45 P. M.—ACADEMY HALL.

Instrumental and Vocal Music by the Sherman and Neapolitan  
Orchestras followed by an Interview.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION  
OF THE  
CALEDONIA COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL





# REPORT OF THE COMMEMORATIVE EXERCISES

AT

PEACHAM, VERMONT, AUGUST 11 AND 12, 1897

---

*Prepared by Mrs. Charles A. Bunker, Secretary of the Committee in Charge*

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## ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Wednesday morning, in spite of threatening clouds and frequent showers, the quiet of one hundred years was broken. The "Anvil Chorus" conducted by Frank E. Palmer began at sunrise.

A large tent in which the exercises were to be held had been erected on the Academy grounds. Booths had sprung up here and there and preparations for satisfying the wants of the "inner man" had been made at the Congregational and Methodist churches. The school building had been gaily decorated and the rooms were bright with flowers and bunting. At 10 o'clock a meeting was held in Academy Hall to organize an alumni association. Edward H. McLachlin, A. M., superintendent of schools in South Hadley Falls, Mass., presided, and Miss Mary L. Martin was elected secretary.

On the motion of Prof. N. J. Whitehill it was moved and seconded that the chair appoint a committee to nominate trustees of the association. In accordance with this motion the following committee were appointed: H. M. Parker, M.



E. McClary, Miss Lydia Strobbridge. The committee presented the following names for trustees of the association:

John B. Gilfillan,  
John D. Flint,  
John C. Stewart,  
G. B. M. Harvey,  
Mrs. M. C. Wheeler.  
John G. Browne,  
Wm. D. Harriman,  
N. J. Whitehill,  
Miss Abbie Chamberlain,

The report was accepted as a whole. Miss Elizabeth Parker was elected in place of Miss Abbie Chamberlain resigned. Col. G. B. M. Harvey then offered the following resolutions as suggestions to the trustees:

RESOLVED, That the Trustees, or the officers elected by them, be empowered to secure the incorporation under the laws of the State of Vermont as the Caledonia County Grammar School Alumni Association.

RESOLVED, That the Board of Trustees be and are hereby authorized to prepare a constitution and by-laws which shall be binding upon this association.

RESOLVED, That terms of office of the Trustees be fixed as follows: Three to serve three years; three to serve four years; three to serve five years; and, be it further resolved that the Nominating Committee be empowered to designate the members of the three classes of Trustees.

RESOLVED, That it is the sense of this meeting that an initiation fee of 50 cents be charged as a prerequisite for membership, and that the annual dues be 50 cents, payable at such time as the Trustees may designate.

RESOLVED, That the Secretary be authorized and requested to open a membership book at once, so that applications for membership may be received; and, be it further resolved that the Secretary be authorized to receive initiation fees pending the appointment of a Treasurer by the Board of Trustees.

These resolutions were adopted by the meeting. On the motion of Mr. Ira G. Blake the Board of Trustees were requested to organize and report on Thursday evening.

The meeting then adjourned.

Original members of Alumni Association:

Adams, Daniel L.....	East Peacham, Vt.
Bailey, Mrs. Clara Whitehill.....	Peacham, Vt.
Bailey, Clarence S.....	South Peacham, Vt.
Bailey, Mrs. Flora Martin.....	St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Bailey, William S.....	St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Bailey, Laura C.....	Peacham, Vt.

Bailey, Sarah A.....60 Prospect St., Cambridgeport, Mass.  
 Bayley, Mary Louise.....Peacham, Vt.  
 Bayley, Mrs. Nellie Parker.....Peacham, Vt.  
 Bayley, Walter H.....Peacham, Vt.  
 Ballard, Mary Wood.....106 St. Botolph St., Boston, Mass.  
 Bell, Adine Merrill.....East Hardwick, Vt.  
 Bell, Jennie.....East Hardwick, Vt.  
 Bell, Julia A.....Littleton, N. H.  
 Bickford, Flora M.....Peacham, Vt.  
 Bickford, Mary M.....Peacham, Vt.  
 Bigelow, Lewis A.....8 Forest Ave., Everett, Mass.  
 Bigelow, Mrs. Mary Whitehill, 8 Forest Ave., Everett, Mass.  
 Blake, Albert.....St. Johnsbury, Vt.  
 Blake, Ira G.....Worcester, Mass.  
 Blanchard, Mrs. Ada Atwell.....Peacham, Vt.  
 Blanchard, Edmund C.....Peacham, Vt.  
 Blanchard, Lewis H.....Woodstock, Vt.  
 Blanchard, Mrs. Sarah Harriman.....Peacham, Vt.  
 Blanchard, Walter N.....Peacham, Vt.  
 Bole, Rev. Andrew S.....Turner, Me.  
 Bolton, May Evelyn.....Peacham, Vt.  
 Bridgman, E. G.....Hardwick, Vt.  
 Browne, Alice M.....St. Johnsbury, Vt.  
 Browne, John G.....Utica, N. Y.  
 Butler, Mrs. Abbie Locke.....Windsor, Vt.  
 Choate, Charles A.....West Barnet, Vt.  
 Choate, Lucy E. Watts.....West Barnet, Vt.  
 Clark, Charles A.....Lynn, Mass.  
 Clark, Dr. Edward R.....Castleton, Vt.  
 Clark, E. Wesson.....46 Princeton St., Boston, Mass.  
 Clark, Florilla F.....Plainfield, N. J.  
 Clark, Jesse M.....E. Peacham, Vt.  
 Craig, Mary E.....Peacham, Vt.  
 Dana, Frank M.....St. Johnsbury, Vt.  
 Darling, Dr. J. B.....S. Ryegate, Vt.  
 Esden, Isabel G.....East Peacham, Vt.  
 Flint, John D.....Fall River, Mass.  
 Gates, Charles C.....N. Hartland, Vt.  
 Gates, Elisha B.....N. Hartland, Vt.  
 Gates, Mrs. Ella Gibb.....N. Hartland, Vt.  
 Gates, Mary J.....N. Hartland, Vt.  
 Gibson, Frederick L.....Ryegate, Vt.  
 Gilfillan, W. N.....So. Ryegate, Vt.  
 Guy, Tirzah M.....Peacham, Vt.  
 Hardy, Mrs. Jennie Parker.....So. Framingham, Mass.  
 Harriman, Fred S.....St. Johnsbury, Vt.  
 Harriman, Mrs. May Emerson.....St. Johnsbury, Vt.  
 Harvey, Cloud.....West Barnet, Vt.  
 Harvey, Mrs. Elizabeth.....West Barnet, Vt.  
 Harvey, Fannie.....West Barnet, Vt.  
 Harvey, Walter B.....West Barnet, Vt.  
 Harvey, Mrs. Alma Parker....1 West 72d St., New York, N. Y.

Morrison, Ethel V.....Ryegate, Vt.

Morrison, Phebe.....	Ryegate, Vt.
Morrison, J. C.....	West Barnet, Vt.
Morrison, Mrs. Tina Shields.....	West Barnet, Vt.
Morse, Harry F.....	Cabot, Vt.
Morse, Hazen H.....	20 Monroe St., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Orr, Mrs. Margaret Abbott.....	Peacham, Vt.
Paine, Mrs. Susan McClary, 422 W. Biddle St., Baltimore, Md.	
Park, Nelson A.....	So. Ryegate Vt.
Parker, Elizabeth A.....	Peacham, Vt.
Parker, Hazen M.....	Minneapolis, Minn.
Parker, Dr. L. F.....	Peacham, Vt.
Pedley, Mrs. Martha Clark.....	Niagata, Japan
Richards, Mrs. Roxanna Kidder.....	Plainfield, Vt.
Ricker, Harry M.....	Ricker's Mills, Vt.
Ricker, W. A.....	St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Ricker, Mrs. Carrie Esden.....	St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Ritchie, James.....	St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Rowe, Hiram E.....	East Peacham, Vt.
Sanborn, George C.....	Snowden, N. C.
Shaive, Frank G.....	So. Peacham, Vt.
Shields, Agnes E.....	West Barnet, Vt.
Shields, James .....	West Barnet, Vt.
Somers, Albert G.....	Strouseton, S. D.
Somers, Warrington .....	Auburn, N. Y.
Stevens, Mrs. Elizabeth Pearson.....	Peacham, Vt.
Stewart, John C.....	York Village, Me.
Strong, Rev. E. E.....	Auburndale, Mass.
Strong, William C.....	Waban, Mass.
Stuart, Marion.....	West Barnet, Vt.
Strobridge, Lafayette.....	Peacham, Vt.
Strobridge, Lydia S.....	Peacham, Vt.
Taft, Mrs. Mattie Esden.....	East Peacham, Vt.
Trussell, Jacob .....	East Peacham, Vt.
Varnum, Jennette .....	Peacham, Vt.
Varnum, Jessie.....	Peacham, Vt.
Varnum, Thad S.....	The News, Detroit, Mich.
Warden, Dr. Albert W....	130 West 104th St., New York, N. Y.
Warden, Mrs. Rosa Ray.....	West Barnet, Vt.
Waterman, A. N.....	Chicago, Ill.
Wheeler, Mrs. Murilla Clark, Portville, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.	
Whitehill, Dr. George E.....	16 Norwood St., Everett, Mass.
Whitehill, Nelson J.....	Montpelier, Vt.
Whitehill, Mrs. Nellie Strobridge.....	Montpelier, Vt.
Wild, Henry D.....	Williamstown, Mass.
Williams, Mrs. Helen Harvey.....	Hudson, Mass.
Williams, Mrs. Helen Way.....	Harvey, Vt.
Williams, John K.....	Peacham, Vt.
Wilson, Charles H.....	Danville, Vt.
Woodbury, Sarah E....	123 Washington Ave., Chelsea, Mass.

During the exercises in Academy Hall lively music was furnished by the Neapolitan orchestra whose services through the Centennial were furnished by Col. G. B. M. Harvey, of New York.



### WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

After dinner the exercises were held in the big tent, which, notwithstanding the rain, was well filled. The large stage was trimmed with flags and ferns and music was furnished by the Sherman orchestra of Burlington, and the Neapolitan orchestra, of New York.

The symposium was opened by greetings from Prin. Nelson J. Whitehill, of Montpelier, who presided over the exercises of the afternoon. He said:

This to me is a gladsome day and one to which I have looked forward for the past ten or fifteen years with fond anticipations, thinking that here I should meet face to face many of my old friends and schoolmates. Virgil, as you will recall, makes Aeneas say to his assembled friends, on one occasion: "The long-expected day has arrived." So I would say to you now: the longed-for day has arrived. Celebrate it with your wives and children, with your sweetheart and lover, with your friends of the early happy days. On this 100th anniversary of the old Academy the praises of our foster mother will be sung many times, and I am sure that those who met this morning in Academy Hall will need no words of mine urging them to celebrate this occasion with joy and gladness.

As we enter upon the new century I can detect many signs of vigor in this venerable institution, which is indeed a light set on a hill, shedding its beneficent rays far and wide. Foremost among these is the forming of the Alumni Association, which will prove, I have no doubt, of great assistance to the school. If there is anything that meets your approbation on this occasion, do not fail to show your approval. Let the people know that you appreciate what is being done, for as ye give so shall ye receive.

Ira G. Blake, of Worcester, Mass., former instructor of music in the school, then sang a solo, "My Dream."

Hon. Cloud Harvey, of West Bernet, president of the Board of Trustees and grandson of the first president of the Board of Trustees, gave the following address:

In behalf of the Trustees of the Caledonia County School and the citizens of Peacham we thank you for your presence on this occasion and wish to assure you we feel honored by it. We extend to you as hearty a welcome as grateful hearts and open hands can command. We ask you to feel at home among us, to visit with us the various places of resort for rest and pleasure. We ask you to command us in any way that will contribute to your enjoyment while with us.

We who have passed our lives under the shadow of this institution and enjoyed the accumulated influences of the past hundred years rejoice that so many of you have felt disposed to unite with us in showing affectionate respect for this Academy.

We desire to express to you the pride we feel in the records you have made in the various positions you have been called

to fill, giving our school a reputation as a training school for youth second to none in our State. We wish to acknowledge with gratitude the aid this school has received from former students, making it possible to erect the present commodious building, and to make this gathering a success.

We earnestly desire that the interest you have shown be continued, and hope you may find sufficient warrant for increasing that interest. We believe an immense influence for good has been exerted over the people living within sound of its bell call, and it behooves us who are heirs to this inheritance to so build to-day that in the years to come that good be not only continued but increased as the new years demand.

At this juncture Mr. Whitehill called for the Chautauqua salute for the two oldest graduates present, Leonard Martin, aged 95, from Dixville, P. Q., and Mrs. Jacob Blanchard, aged 92, from Peacham. As these stood together on the platform they were greeted with hearty cheers.

The chorus, under the leadership of Prof. Harry H. May, then sang "The Belfry Song."

Dr. Edward R. Clark then read a number of letters from the alumni. In most cases we can give only extracts from them, as space forbids all of them.

#### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Edward Cowles, M. D., Superintendent of McLean Hospital, Waverly, Mass., described the semi-centennial as follows:

My brother Frank and I had been brought up from Rye-gate; we were two very small boys, dressed alike for the occasion, and for that reason, I suppose, were placed in the procession next to the band. I have never heard since then such grand music. There were a great many people, but it seems to me now that, besides my grandfather and grandmother, almost everybody was an uncle, or an aunt, or a cousin. There is a vivid picture in my memory of the scene on Academy Hill—the long procession—the banners—the bright sunshine; it was the first great event that I can remember. While I remember seeing the old Academy, it was in the new one that I went to school; and that was first in 1849. The delightful memories of my schoolmates—the boys and girls—and of the teachers that we loved, are almost as clear as if it were yesterday.

Ex-President Bartlett of Dartmouth College wrote:

My contact with the old Academy, its environments and history, began '11 years before the end of the first half of its existence. My knowledge of it has been somewhat close during a large part of its subsequent career, and my interest in it has continued unfailing to the present time. I think you cannot fail to have a very enjoyable occasion, and I trust you may have a celebration every way worthy of the ancient honor and renown of the institution.

W. C. Somers, of Sunny Dale, Kansas, wrote:

I hardly knew how to answer your invitation, whether to

say simply, "accepted," or "received with thanks," or say a few words in reference to an institution so renowned for usefulness. It is 53 years since I left Peacham to go to college. Success to the centennial.

Mrs. M. Gilmore, of Monroe, Maine, wrote:

I should be among the early pupils as I attended the school 70 years ago when the sessions were held in the lower room of the Academy. I have a distinct remembrance of the arrangement and location of the seats and the general appearance of the school.

Mr. Leonard Martin of Dixville, P. Q., wrote:

My reason tells me I am too far advanced in my dotage to make a speech. To me there is no place on earth like Peacham. The people of Peacham are greatly indebted to the first Board of Trustees, for they considered it their duty to lay the foundations broad and deep, and make it a desirable location for the benefit of future generations. Peacham and its people are not faultless, but with all their faults I do love them still. I am glad I was born there, mostly because there I was brought in contact with men of large minds who had moved there for the benefit of the higher branches of education.

Mrs. Emma White Merrill, of La Crescenta, Cal., a granddaughter of Ezra Carter, wrote:

As my grandfather was a teacher in the Academy and my husband's father a pupil, we should have a special and warm pleasure in attending the ceremonies, but living at the great distance it is impossible for us to be present.

Mrs. Calvin Morrill, of St. Johnsbury, East, wrote:

As I have passed my 86th birthday I can hardly hope to be with you. I recall very vividly the days of my allotment at the Academy. Mr. Bodwell was the preceptor. I well remember his stately step as he walked to and fro over the hills of Peacham Corner. I do not forget the church at the top of the hill where Rev. Leonard Worcester of blessed memory expounded the law. His trumpet gave no "uncertain sound," but it rang out very clearly when Messrs. Worcester and Butler were imprisoned in Georgia for the crime of preaching to the Indians. Old things are passing away, behold many things are becoming new. I rejoice in the long and successful career of the Peacham school and pray that there may be yet many years in which it shall be a blessing to the community.

Mrs. Isaac W. Worcester, now in Clifton Springs, N. Y., wrote:

I have many tender associations with Peacham and it would have given me great pleasure to be present on this interesting occasion. I do not doubt that the occasion will be a very interesting one and I hope you will feel fully repaid for all your pains incident to such an occasion in the happiness conferred upon the many who will assemble together on Academy hill and revive the memories of the past.

W. D. Harriman, of Ann Arbor, Mich., wrote a long letter



suggesting that the graduates of the school meet every summer and thus make Peacham a sort of local Chautauqua.

J. S. Stevens, of Peoria, Ill., wrote:

Many of those who attended the old Academy have played more or less of an important part in it all, and some have contributed materially in their chosen homes, to the advancement of mental, moral and material prosperity. Complete failures have been rare among the graduates of the New England academies and colleges, and particularly those of Vermont and New Hampshire. Young men were educated or educated themselves for usefulness, and as the means of making a living. They were not sent to school or college because it was fashionable or popular, and because there was a surplus of means with which to defray their expenses, but for the purpose of furnishing and adding to their equipment for the active duties of life, wherever they might be. But very few wasted their meagre substance or their time in dissipation and idleness. Most of them, could their career be traced step by step, could give a good account of their stewardship. Peacham Academy laid the foundation for good work and good character in many of the sons of Vermont. The moral influence of the school and the neighborhood laid the foundation for many a character notable throughout life for honor, integrity, conscientiousness and true manhood and noble womanhood.

B. Frank Stevens wrote from London the following letter:

Dear old school fellows: In my days the fellows always embraced the girls.

I have recently received several letters and I venture to reply to you collectively.

I am proud to be permitted to join in celebrating the centenary of our school. We have lately been celebrating the fourth centenary of Columbus, the fourth centenary of Cabot, the centenary of our national existence and the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria and now at last, but not least, we have the exceedingly interesting centenary of the Caledonia County Grammar School.

Even the oldest of those gathered together must rely upon history and tradition for the tale of the origin of the school, as not one of us was then present, though many of us may claim that we were within one of it.

The century was in its first octave when my father attended this school, sometimes boarding at Col. Blanchard's, the father of the venerable Col. Blanchard with whom I boarded more than forty years later, and sometimes making the daily journey on horseback from Barnet. My elder brothers attended the school, but I do not know where they boarded.

By linking our parents' memories with our own we can span the interval of time from the foundation of the school down to the present celebration.

I hope some remembrancer will give us a chronological, biographical and historical account of the school and its stu-

dents, its governors and trustees, its talented teachers, and synchronous Peacham preachers, all of pious memory.

At your festivities memories will be falling as gently as snowflakes in a sugar orchard, and clustering as copiously as the wild fruits on Peacham's hills.

Our elder brothers and sisters from long distances followed the trails by blazed trees as laboriously as they followed their teachers through the tortuous paths of the three R's, readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic, but later when the new Academy was erected in the village those of us who are now near the stile at the threescore and ten milepost were unconsciously associated in daily attendance at school with many of those patriots who subsequently defended their country and made the southern streams run red with the crimson tide of life. But it is not my place to anticipate what the historian will tell, nor to encumber your thoughts with my poor words.

Naturally your festivities will be more or less convivial, and while it is impossible for me to be at your spread, as I should like so much to be, I may perhaps be allowed to send a sterling contribution and also a lot of American animals.

Our elder sisters may perhaps bring examples of their spinning and weaving much older and perhaps finer than mine, but as so many of the Peacham pupils learnt their art of drawing from that consummate master of animal drawing, Harrison Weir, my dear old English friend, now hale and hearty in his seventy-fifth year, I send herewith a damask tablecloth designed by him and made in 1880 as being both useful and, I hope, acceptable for the occasion. I venture to hope it may be used not only at this centenary, but at the next, and in the meantime the principal of the Caledonia Grammar School, whoever he may be, may use it for banquets or other festivals of the school of ever blessed memory.

To each and to every surviving schoolfellow I send heartiest good wishes.

Miss Anna H. Kidder wrote as follows from Tokyo, Japan:

Thank you for the Caledonian invitation to participate in the centennial festivities of the dear old academy. A working pupil still, I send no "regrets," but a heartfelt word of love and honor for the past and a Godspeed for the future.

My day was when Mr. Barnard and our sainted Thompson took the boys and girls from their busy mountain homes and stirred in them big hopes for useful living. The training I then received has been a potent factor in shaping my life into one of labor. Never, with my farthest reach, have I touched my ideal; yet I "press forward," for years and toil but brighten aspiration.

I wish there might be such a moving spirit among the students, old and young, who gather in Peacham-on-the-hills this summer, that the academy would receive a forward movement that would raise and keep it at the highest possible level for such a school to attain. Why should not our schools be the best in Vermont? Why should the graduation paper of any

other academy be worth more than that of the Caledonia County Grammar School? Cannot those who, because they have been benefited there, are scattered over the world doing good, add this to their bounden duties, that of contributing at least one dollar a year toward upbuilding this institution of learning? I've wondered many a time why we, who have taken our life start there, were not more mindful of our Alma Mater! Let us now begin and help to make this place of instruction, so dear to us all, more helpful to the young men and women who are to fill its halls in the future! So many of the old friends of forty years ago have "gone over to the majority" that I should be well-nigh a stranger; yet I should so love to tread the old paths and look into the faces of those who will gather with you next month!

Will you accept two dollars of an order that goes by this mail toward the expense of the centennial, and two dollars, my first year's contribution to the fund I hope will be begun this year of grace 1897 for the Caledonia County Grammar School? Should the one appointed to receive this letter be one of the friends of '54-'61, remember, you, with all the old associates, are still to memory dear. I am on the altar of service. Some day we shall meet. May it be in peace in the Higher School.

Owing to the want of time many letters could not be read, and short extracts were given or mention was made of the following: Mrs. Hannah Evans Hardy, of Boston; F. E. Sargent, of Anaconda, Mont.; Isaac B. Blake, of Peoria, Ill.; C. W. Cowles, of Derby Line; Mrs. M. K. Holt, of Hardwick; Elsie H. Gould, of Evanston, Ill.; Martha F. O. French, Evanston; Sophia F. Orton, Chicago; D. F. Miller, Chicago; D. A. Clark, New York; Seraph S. Nelson, Coila, N. Y.; Dr. D. H. Goodwillie, New York; H. T. Knight, Folsom, Cal.; John Paul, Newport; William G. Thompson, Cambridge, Mass.; Lydia Parker Ripley, Colorado Springs; A. Hagar, Plantagenet, Ontario; E. S. Paquin, Lower Cabot; Fred F. Thompson, Canandaigua, N. Y.; C. C. Chase, Lowell, Mass.; Emily Damon Haines, Cabot; Mary Blanchard Baldwin, St. Paul; Edw. W. Wild, Keene, N. H.; Benjamin McLaran, San Diego, Cal.; Jane M. Varnum Booce, Green Mountain, Iowa; Clara J. Howie, Smith's Ranch, Cal.; Alice M. Bowman, Corralitos, Cal.; H. A. Marckres, San Jose, Cal.; Dr. W. H. Welch, Larimore, N. D. Letters from Mrs. Ann Eliza Worcester Robertson, of Muscogee, I. T., a pupil of C. C. Chase, and Mrs. Lucretia H. McLean Kimball, of Washington, D. C., arrived too late for mention or reading during the centennial exercises.

An interesting paper, prepared by Mrs. Abby Hitchcock Tyler, of Boston, Mass., and read by her before the Boston Alumni Association in May, 1897, was kindly loaned by her to be read on this occasion, but, to the regret of all her friends and the loss of all present, it was omitted owing to the want of time.



## REMINISCENCES.

After a medley by the Sherman orchestra, the chairman called upon the graduates for reminiscences.

Mr. William H. Ingraham, of Watertown, Mass., gave the following response:

### MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CALEDONIA COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND FRIENDS:

When I received the notice of your anticipated reunion and your kind invitation to be present I said to myself, "I will go back to the old school and look upon the old scenes; meet, as I trust, the few that may remain and try to renew the past days and friendships." But I find so few of my schoolmates on this platform, and as I went through the cemetery on the hill yesterday I found so many more there at rest that I felt the flight of the years very strongly. Well, sixty-five years is a long time in a man's life, and we old ones know that the shadows lengthen in the setting sun. Let us look back, and see what changes have been made. The old school has kept right on sending out her scholars to take their places in the battle of life and fitting them to do their duty wherever they might be, but do we realize the changes in these sixty-five years—not a railroad in the country, hardly a steamer, not one crossing the Atlantic Ocean, and who dreamed of a telegraph. A short time before I left this school there was a survey being made to connect Lake Champlain with Connecticut River. The engineer, with his hands, was stopping at the hotel kept by Mrs. Brown, just at the lower end of your square. One day curiosity was excited by the posting of a notice that a steam engine or locomotive would be exhibited in Brown's Hall that evening. Like all boys full of curiosity I went to the hall. The engineer, I will call him, brought in his tin boiler on wheels with a small carriage with a seat or two for boys to take a ride, and commenced his lecture. He was a fluent talker, and while he moved his car he expatiated on what wonderful things would be done in the future. The canal engineer was a thoughtful man, and I stood between him and old Dr. Shedd, after the exhibition was over. The Doctor turned to the canal man and remarked, as in jest, "When this railroad is built, your occupation as engineer for canal work will be over." The engineer, for he was a scholar, stood a minute, reflecting, and then replied, "It may be sooner than you think for." The handwriting was on the wall, and he read it.

Follow on, look to-day at the use of electricity. Four thousand years ago the Record says God asked Job, out of the whirlwind, "Can you make the lightning do your bidding?" And to-day humanity answers, "I can." We have chained the thunderbolt and sent it under the water, bearing



HON. WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

Secretary of Board, 1797-1812

President, 1813-1828



messages three thousand miles, as it were, in a minute. We have hitched it to the car, and we carry the passenger at a good speed, ten miles for five cents; and where shall this human energy stop? We, not satisfied with moving on the earth, are scaling heaven with balloons. Drifting on the wings of the wind, we move along over mountain and valley. We ask, can this conveyance ever succeed? It is a bold man who answers, No; but I confess I have very little hope. Mother Earth still holds us by the everlasting law of gravitation to her bosom, and we can do almost anything while we have our foothold on her bosom, we walk fearless and erect as long as our feet press her solid base; but as yet the air is not our element for motion, and as yet, we, by nature, have hands and feet, but no wings. These thoughts crowd upon me as I look into your faces and remember my old school days in Peacham Academy, as we used to call it when we were boys; but I am taking too much time with old recollections, and thanking you for your kind attention I make way for others.

Dr. L. F. Parker said he came to Peacham Academy in 1840, a lively year politically, for the war cry was "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too." The second time he came to the academy he walked all the way from Coventry to Peacham and carried his goods on his back. He said that Mr. Chase was the best teacher he ever knew, and he thought he stood equal to any in the galaxy of academy teachers.

Mrs. M. E. Wheeler, of Portville, N. Y., said:

All my remembrances are of the old Academy on the hill. This new Academy belongs to a younger generation. I know the hills were steep and long, the snow was deep, and there were zephyrs upon that bleak hill, but it was all poetry then.

My first school days in the old Academy were about 1836. President Bartlett of Dartmouth was my first preceptor, a most faithful and thorough teacher. Especially I remember how carefully he trained us in reading. My voice was stiff and I could not get hold of what was called, "The rising and falling inflection." I remember how many times we went over and over these words: "By honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report, as deceivers and yet true; as unknown and yet well known; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," etc. At last I caught it, and that training has been worth more to me than a gold mine. For all my life, wherever I have been, wherever I have boarded, or wherever I have been stopping for any length of time, it has always been my calling, my vocation to read aloud. There is always a demand for those who are ready and more than willing to read aloud, and the supply is never equal to the demand.

My next preceptor was Mr. John H. Lord, who died of cholera in Cincinnati, a comparatively young man. The next was Mr. C. C. Chase. Both were admirable, excellent teachers. My next teacher was Miss Laura Bradley, and no words of



mine can ever express my obligation to her. She was an inspiration to us. She had a magnetism or gift that brought out our very best, and sometimes our best was so much better than anything we had ever done before, we doubted if it was really our own work. She not only taught us what was in our school books, but she kept before us the highest ideal of womanhood. I heard a little boy the other day say, speaking of his teacher, "I love her; I more'n love her." I can truly say of her, we loved her, we more than loved her, we almost worshipped her. Her school was opened and I think closed with reading the Bible, in which we all joined, and prayer. And those prayers were something never to be forgotten. As she stood with her hands clasped, her head a little raised, her eyes closed, she seemed to be speaking "face to face with the Almighty." We could not take our eyes from her face, we could not close our eyes as is fitting in prayer; they were riveted upon her face. It was a transfiguration.

Laura Bradley died in her early womanhood. Her sun went down long before noon. But, "That life is long which answers life's great end."

#### MELLEN CHAMBERLAIN.

Miss Abbie Chamberlain, of Washington, D. C., gave a sketch of Mellen Chamberlain, preceptor of the school in 1817 and 1818:

Mellen Chamberlain was born in Peacham, Vt., in 1795, the same year in which the Academy was chartered. He was the son of Gen. Wm. Chamberlain, the leading founder of the school. He graduated from Dartmouth in 1816, and taught the next year in Caledonia County Grammar School before beginning his legal studies. Later he practiced law in Castine, Me., and in Pittsburgh, Pa., until the failure of his wife's health forced him to seek a warmer climate in the West Indies. After her death he dreaded the return to his desolate home and sought relief amidst the kaleidoscopic changes of European travel. He had become intensely interested in the new invention which had already attracted his attention during his winter's sojourn in Washington, and entered into the partnership which the letter mentions. Later, on July 29, 1839, Prof. Morse wrote as follows: "Before I left Paris we had closed a contract with Mr. Chamberlain to carry the telegraph to Austria, Russia, the principal cities of Greece and Egypt, and put it on exhibition with a view to its utilization." And again he wrote that "he parted from Prof. Morse in Paris to enter upon his expedition with high expectations of both pleasure and profit in October, 1838." From Paris he journeyed by Marseilles in France through Italy, went to Athens, Malta and from Palestine to Constantinople. There he set up the telegraph in the library of Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the American Missionary who afterward became the founder of Robert's College. They discovered that the instrument re-



REV. D. MERRILL

Principal, 1821-1822

Secretary, 1842-1850



quired to be perfected in some of its parts. Dr. Hamlin was convinced of the incapacity of Oriental workmen, and he advised Mr. Chamberlain, he says, to seek the aid of skilled artisans in Vienna. Upon May 14, in consequence of the rapid course of the Danube between Drinkova and Orsoba, the steamers were not able to ply, and the link was supplied by boats that were towed, as upon our canals. When within one hour of their destination this towboat was overturned by the action of the water with that of the towline which was secured to the mast. There was probably great carelessness, for eleven out of fifteen passengers were lost. Mr. Chamberlain was in his cabin and was stunned by a heavy blow on the temple. His remains rest on the banks of this distant stream amidst a foreign race. He was not destined to see the triumph of this marvelous electrical force which has encircled the globe and intertwined our life with that of every nation of the earth.

Although the telegraphic click is still unheard in their native town, Peachamites can claim an earlier, a more intimate, a less material link with this buzzing message-bearer, through the efforts of one of her sons.

Copy of a letter written by Mellen Chamberlain, Esq., to his sister, Miss Abigail Chamberlain, of Peacham, Vt., and read by Miss A. M. Chamberlain, of Washington, D. C., at the centennial of Caledonia County Grammar School, Wednesday, August —, 1897.

PARIS, France, 19 Sept., 1838.

My Dear Sister:

I am still in Paris but go to London in a day or two to meet a ship that I expect will bring me the sinews of war. I have not yet decided whether to spend the winter at St. Petersburg or Constantinople. I wish the wires of my Electro-Magnetic Telegraph were laid to Peacham and then I could talk with you as fast as I write this letter. Galvanism goes around the earth five times in a second; of course in one-tenth of that time I could speak with you. Having become a partner of Prof. S. F. B. Morse in his invention, he has taken America, Great Britain and France and left me the rest of the globe. This falls in with my humor for travelling, and affords me the best possible introduction to the best society in the countries in which I visit. If it does nothing more than bring me into contact with savants, princes and emperors I shall be content. But if, as I rather think, these same personages will give me some thousands besides diamonds and make me count of the empire, why it will be better still. At any rate all Paris and The Institute are agog with the marvelous American experiment, and it will no doubt be adopted. I am proud of it as a fellow-citizen and of Mr. Morse's acquaintance and confidence. He is the son of "Geography Morse," and a fine painter, as you may have heard. Our Congress, you know, reported very strongly in favor of its adoption, and will try it



by next year. I cannot doubt that a system so much cheaper and surer than that now in use will be adopted by all Governments. I am not very greatly in love with what little I have seen of this people. One Yankee is worth a dozen of them at any time. I have been all over Paris for a week to get a machine that one of our turners would make in three days, and none of the best workmen in Paris could promise it in less than three weeks. I shall procure it in London. I have seen the king and queen at a distance; attended The Institute; dined with Gen. Cass (our American Minister), who really does us credit here; eaten frogs and thousands of nameless things. When you see me I suppose you will find me greatly improved. It is imperceptible to myself, but high company (I am on the fifth floor) is said to be very improving.

Your affectionate brother,

MELLEN CHAMBERLAIN.

Miss A. Chamberlain,

Peacham, Vt., U. S. A.

(This letter sent by Havre and packet to New York.  
Mailed Boston, Mass., October 30, paid 18 3/4.)

#### JOSIAH KENERSON'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Josiah S. Kinerson, of Barnet, responded thus as his recollections of the school:

Mr. Chairman:

Ladies and Gentlemen: When I was assisting in sending out invitations to the former pupils of the Caledonia County Grammar School to attend its centennial celebration to-day, I had not the remotest idea that I should be called upon to speak. In fact, I was not notified until the eleventh hour. "Worse than that," the clock was almost ready to strike twelve. Perhaps there may be some here who will recollect a cold water army, held here more than half a century ago in yonder church when it stood upon the hill. A little boy was placed on the table in front of the speaker's desk and asked to recite a parody. The two first lines were something like this:

"You hardly expect one of my age,  
To speak in public on the stage."

And I ask you, kind friends, if the lines just repeated are not more appropriate to-day than they were nearly sixty years ago? Then, a tiny boy from his mother's lap; now, an old man nearing the sunset of life.

How well I recollect the first catalogue that I ever saw, with the name of C. C. Chase as preceptor on its title page; and I shall not soon forget hearing the fathers and mothers of the town speak of the interest that they took in establishing this school more than forty years before, and I shall never forget hearing them speak of Col. Alexander Harvey. Col. Harvey was born in Dundee, Scotland, in 1747. He came to Barnet and bought seven thousand acres of land for the purpose of forming homes for a colony that was to come after

him. He united with the church in 1774. Twenty-three years later he was chairman of the first Board of Trustees, holding the same position a hundred years ago that his grandson, Hon. Cloud Harvey holds to-day. Mr. Harvey reared a family of eight sons and five daughters. His son, Hon. Peter Harvey, was a shining light in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for many years, and an intimate friend of the great Daniel Webster. His grandson, Enoch B. Harvey, who died in Calais, Me., last year, was a leading member of the Bar in Eastern Maine for more than thirty years. His widow, nee Ann Cameron, is now so tenderly cared for by her daughters in her sunset of life, in their once happy but now desolate home, made desolate by the loss of a loving husband and father. How many of us to-day look back with pride to our happiest school days with Ann Cameron as our teacher? None knew her but to respect.

Walter Harvey, Jr., was another grandson, who took his life in his hands, went into the service in the early days of the Rebellion, served his time, re-enlisted, came home on a short furlough, went back and was killed a few days before the war closed. George N. Harvey, who was raised on the Worcester farm, was a major in the service. And I must not forget to speak of Robert Harvey Brock, who was a Lt.-Col. in the 77th Illinois Regiment, and a gallant officer.

There was another man who did much for the welfare of this school. His name was Abial Blanchard. Born in Hollis, N. H., in 1747, settled in Peacham on the farm north of the village now owned by Mr. Moses Martin. This man not only put his hand down deep into his pocket, but freely gave the site for the first school building, the common for a playground for the boys and girls, and a wood lot to furnish fuel for the building.

His son was a member of Congress from Pennsylvania. His sons, grandsons and great grandsons have all been greatly interested in the welfare of the school, and, if you look at the present list of Trustees, you will find the name of Walter Blanchard on the board.

It was said in the army that when you found a Peacham Blanchard, you found a man who knew no fear. Natt Blanchard was as brave a soldier as ever carried a musket. His brother Enoch was a surgeon of the old 7th Vermont, and as I walk through the cemetery on the hill and come to a sacred mound where a Union officer lies sleeping, I am reminded of the military order: "Halt! Salute the dead!" I am standing by the side of the grave of an officer who cared more for the welfare of his men than any other officer that I ever knew. Search both armies, North and South, and I doubt if you can find a man who cared as much for the welfare of his men as did this man. His name was Lieut. John C. Blanchard, of Co. F., 15th Vermont Regiment. Thus have I briefly spoken of Col. Harvey and Capt. Blanchard as the founders of this school. Their descendants are to-day among the leading families of New England, and generations yet unborn will in the future point with pride to the names, Col. Alexander Harvey, and



Capt. Abial Blanchard, for their names are written on history's bright page. There are others who did much for the welfare of the school that I should like to speak of, but time forbids.

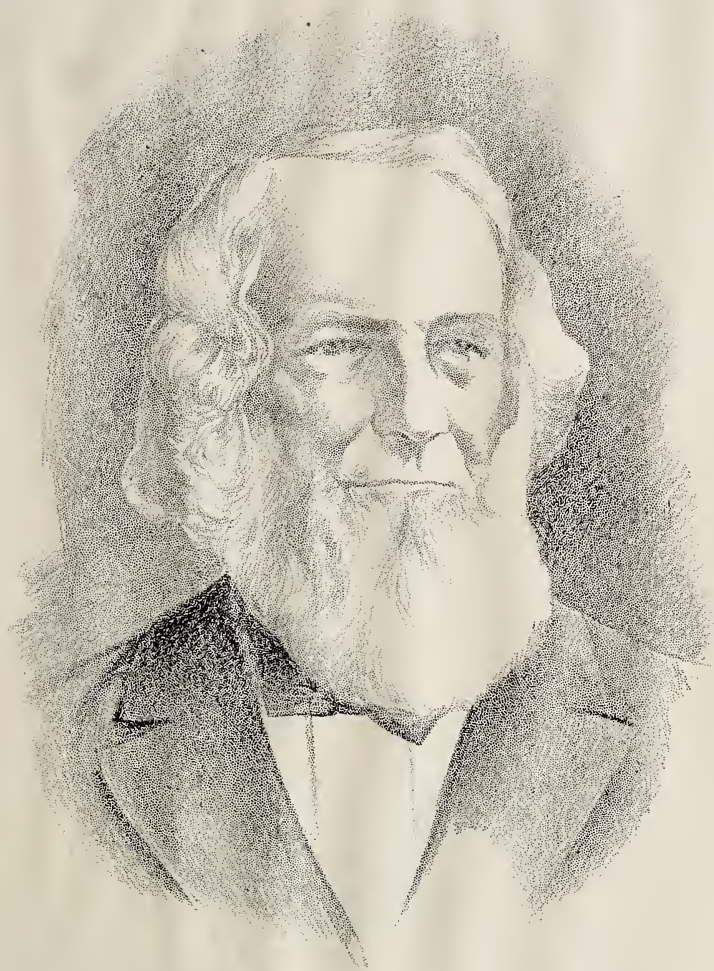
I am thinking to-day of my first recollections of this school, away back in the days of old Master Chase. The last time that I met him was at his house in Lowell, Mass., and when I assured him who I was, he said: "Tell all of my boys and girls that I should like to see them." And if any of you who attended his school should go through Lowell, go down and see him. Any hackman will take you to the door.

Mr Chase had charge of the school from 1839 to 1844. Then came Mr. Wm. C. Bradley, who had charge of the school at the semi-centennial celebration.

How well I recollect when we were gathered in this yard fifty years ago! We had no tent, from storms a shelter and from heat a shade. Judge Redfield was the orator of the day and he gave a short address.

Then came that sainted man, Rev. David Merrill, who came to the rescue as he was wont to do in cases of emergency, and gave a most excellent address. During this time we were driven from the Academy yard to the church by a rain. From the church we went to the tables where an excellent dinner was provided. The next day the Blanchards met at the farm of Capt. Hazen Blanchard, where they had a great time. Just think of it! Seventy Blanchards in one house and yard, all talking at one time as fast as they could speak, not one knew what the other had said. They had what a "hash up" is to a New England boiled dinner. The second was better than the first. They decided that the United States was the best country on the globe; that Vermont was the best State in the Union; Caledonia the best county in the State; that Peacham was the best town in the county; the Blanchard farm the best one in town; and that Mrs. Abel Blanchard was the best woman on earth.

After two very successful years of teaching by Mr. Bradley, came Mr. John Paul, Jr., then came Mr. Alfred Rix and Mr. Ira Osmore Miller. Both did excellent work as teachers. In 1852, 1853 and 1854 this school was managed by a man whose lamp went out at the early age of 28. Never in the history of the school did it receive such a "set back" as it did in the sickness and death of Thomas Scott Pearson and the removal of Miss Abby L. Hitchcocke. After Mr. Pearson came Mr. Rowell, S. S. Morrill, W. E. Barnard, all deserving more than a common notice. Then came Mr. C. O. Thompson and Rev. Lyman Watts, who were among the first teachers in their day. Then came Mr. Preston, Butler C. Chase, Jr., and a man named C. Q. Tirrill, whose pupils will long remember as one of the best of teachers. In 1867 this school fell into the hands of a teacher who had charge of it for more than a quarter of a century—Mr. Charles A. Bunker. Prof. and Mrs. Bunker stood as first in the school room, and to-day they stand as first



REV. JOHN H. WORCESTER  
Principal, 1832      Trustee, 1839-1847



in the hearts of the people who attended their school during their twenty-eight years of service.

Twice has Mr. Bunker been the people's choice as county Senator, and last year he was sent back as a member of the House of Representatives by a larger vote than any man has received since the town was settled; am I not right Echo answers right. And as pupils may we be forgiven for our errors in the past. Heaven bless Prof. Cambridge and Miss Dimond. May they long be the last.

#### WILLIAM C. STRONG'S REMARKS.

William Chamberlain Strong, president of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, related reminiscences of Rev. Leonard Worcester, Preceptor Worcester and his own dear friend and college roommate, William C. Bradley.

I was born on the northern limit of Caledonia County, but the fame of the County Grammar School had extended not only throughout the county, but also to the far-off Keystone State, as I had sorrowful occasion to learn. My parents early decided to send me to "Peacham Academy," a misnomer even then in vogue, though less excusable at that time than at present. Soon after my arrival I was saluted by a self-important young Pennsylvanian with the quizzing question, "Is your name Straw?" You may imagine the shock to my sensitive nature in having the honored name of my ancestors so trifled with. I recall the disgust of the poet at the disrespect with which his favorite morning dish was spoken of:

"Dear hasty-pudding, how I blush  
To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee mush."

My moral nature had not been sufficiently trained, at that date, to return good for evil by calling this youthful Keystone spirit by the name of Wheat. However, I was taught by this incident a useful lesson in humility, a virtue for which I have ever after been distinguished. At the first, the strong impression made upon my mind was the personality of Rev. Leonard Worcester. I have no recollection of his sermons, the texts, or the threads of his discourses; he was perched in such a high pulpit that all this went easily over my head, at least. But one abiding impression was made by the uniform formula with which he approached the Throne of Grace. It was as if he stood in the very presence of the King of Kings. Over across the Common, on the hill, Preceptor Noah Worcester reigned supreme. What an elegant gentleman he was and how alert to pick up and to impart knowledge. It so happened that the science (if we may so call it) of phrenology was then attracting attention and our ever watchful preceptor became interested in it and availed himself of the facilities which the heads of the boys, and the girls as well, afforded for experiment. It was somewhat singular that his fingers were at times snarled in the boys' hair and he was known to have held on



to their ears for a time longer than was necessary in the interest of strictly scientific investigation. However, we did not seriously question the preceptor's right to pursue such researches. But he was suddenly snatched away to larger fields and Preceptor Bartlett, a young man in his teens, smart as a steel trap, sprang into the chair. He brought us up to concert pitch in double quick time, you may well believe. It is sufficient to say that thus early he gave clear indications of the distinguished service which he was afterward to render as an educator. I have no right to prolong my words, but I cannot refrain from giving a brief tribute to the memory of my cousin, William C. Bradlee. I believe the Academy has had no more earnest, faithful and conscientious teacher than he was. Called to Boston, after but a single year of service here, he there made a record as a teacher which gave promise of large usefulness as an educator. But his life was cut short in the midst of his days. With the flood of memories which crowd upon us at this hour, what reason for thankfulness rests upon us for all the privileges and advantages we have enjoyed, as a result of the wise forethought of the founders of this Caledonia County Grammar School.

#### JUDGE WATERMAN.

Judge Arba N. Waterman, of Chicago, Ill., was then presented as one of the alumni.

I am this day divided by contending emotions.

Upon the hill, in the graveyard reading the names of many who were my companions in years long past; wandering along the street beside dwellings just as they were forty years ago; waiting in vain for the opening of doors and the coming of those who should rush to meet me as they did when we were boys; I feel like the old man of whom the poet wrote:

"The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has prest  
In their bloom.  
And the names he loved to hear,  
Have been carved for many a year,  
On the tomb."

Then coming to this arena, receiving the welcome of those who survive, I rejoice in and am thankful for the affection that has not been buried by severance nor chilled by time.

Love alone ennobles life and makes it worth the living. We are met here because the memory of this place is sweet, because we love these hills, this school, those who in these walls entered into, became a part of our life. It is good for us to be here because it was good that we were here long ago. Pleasant were the hours here passed.

May the days of those who in years to come shall here sit for instruction be as usefully and happily spent as were ours.

### JUDGE CONNER.

Judge John S. Conner, of Cincinnati, Ohio, followed:  
Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is with mingled feelings of embarrassment and pleasure that I attempt to say a few words at this gathering in honor of the old Academy, because I feel that I am a stranger to nearly all here, and yet I feel that I am a stranger among friends; and I am very glad to be present with you, and to pay my grateful tribute upon this occasion.

My coming to Peacham was by merest chance; one of those fortunate happenings, unforeseen, but changing the whole course of a life; for I feel that the coming to this school and being surrounded by its influence, and the moral and intellectual atmosphere of this town and people, had much to do with the moulding and shaping of my life. And I also have feelings of grateful recollection of Peacham, as the home for some years of my good mother (when our Southern home was desolated by war, and circumstances temporarily prevented the occupancy of our Western home), and of the many kindnesses shown her by its people.

Coming to the Academy, as I did, from the schools in Cincinnati, I, for the first time, learned the true nature and lasting benefits of education. I had always been "sent to school." I never before "went to school." I had looked upon getting an education as one of those disagreeable necessities, provided by good parents for the proper bringing up of their children, a duty to be performed by the children willingly, or unwillingly; and the sooner it was over the quicker came the freedom to engage in the active pursuits of life. I did not know that education was something to be earnestly desired, assiduously to be worked for, and never to be underestimated; in short, to be the guiding and controlling force of life. But when, as a boy of about seventeen, I was thrown into companionship and competition with the earnest boys and girls in this Academy, who knew what an education meant, and what it was, and were determined to have it, many making great sacrifices therefor, then it dawned upon me that coming to school was infinitely different from being sent there. And thanks to the intellectual atmosphere of the Academy, the earnestness of the scholars and the patient, careful, attention and teachings of Mr. Chas. O. Thompson, that peerless instructor and kindest of men and friends, I, too, became imbued with a sense of the greatness and desirability of education.

I have said it was but a chance that brought me to Peacham. I had been very desirous of going into the army at the breaking out of the war, and had drilled for a few nights with some of the troops, when my mother concluded that it was wisest to send me at once East to my brother; and when I was there, the family council decided I should be sent to college, after a preparatory course under my brother's classmate, Mr.



Thompson, and hence I was sent to Peacham, whose location was utterly unknown to me, except that it was somewhere in Vermont and up towards Canada, far away from the scenes of war. And so I came here and it was truly a turning point in my life.

I shall never forget that long ride up from Barnet; and as we came up, and up, and up, it seemed to me we would never reach the top of these hills; and when I got here I was sure I had never been so near heaven before. I arrived, I think, on Saturday night, and went to my quarters on the hill at Miss Bradley's, that nice, prim old lady, whom I shall never forget. The next day I was taken in charge by her and taken to church, and, to my horror and dismay, I was led up to the end of the aisle, and then along the end pews to one immediately under "the drippings and droppings of the Sanctuary," and where I had not only to be so near the preacher, but also to face all the people. It was a very trying experience for one who at home always sat near the door, where it was easy to slip out if the services were uninteresting. I told her that I really could not sit in so prominent a place thereafter, but would get a seat near the door. But I soon learned that it was not the thing in Peacham to slip out of church, but was the thing to go regularly; another important and lasting lesson that I learned here. The teachings in this old Academy were of that thorough nature that made lasting impressions and moulded character. In addition to sound instruction in all the higher branches of education, we were taught those eternal principles of religion, morality and temperance, that go to make true men and women, and taught us to do our full duty, wherever we were to live. To me the days spent here were of lasting influence and great benefit. Next to the teachings and memory of my sainted mother, the influence of this Academy and Dartmouth College have gone through and shaped my life.

#### REV. HENRY M. SHAW.

Rev. Henry H. Shaw, of Marlboro, Vt., said:

It is my privilege to speak a word for those who, to-day scattered worldwide in all the duties of life, were the boys and girls, the pupils in the old Academy, in those far-off days of the much loved Thompson and Watts of sainted memory. Fewer, perchance, are present to greet us in these scenes of cheer, from that period in the history of the Academy, than from other periods of even an earlier date. Not that they are less loyal to the memory of the Academy, or grateful to the noble men and women by whose wisdom they were guided, or through whose influence they were moulded in character, than others; they are loyal, loyal to all the interests of this time-honored institution, and proud of the record of the grand old town in which it is located.

Many went out from the Academy in those days only to lay their lives on the altar of country, a willing sacrifice to

freedom and right. Others, from the quiet scenes of home, serving well their day and generation, have gone out from us and we meet them not again. Of all these it were a pleasing yet sad privilege to speak. Many, too, in the service of truth and the church are spending and being spent, both in the home-land and on foreign shores, whose first inspiration was in the instruction of the church and the training of the school in those days of which I speak. We recall them one and all; and yet a generation has passed since, as boys and girls, we went from these halls to take our part in the world's fierce strife.

To-day we come to renew the memory of those days in which we gathered here for study, joined in the sports of school-life, or put in shade the eloquence of Demosthenes as we took our part on the academic stage or in the debates of the lyceum. Fond memories of the past, never to be forgotten! revered instructors, in our hearts we hold you still. From our memories you go not out till we, too, "cross the narrow river."

Dear old Academy, grand in all the record of the past; in lives of sons and daughters true, bright be thy coming years in noble deeds well done, in souls made mete for life's great work! Be thy daughters beautiful and fair, thy sons manly and strong, as are the rock ribbed hills around thee! Thus pass thy years till thy work is done!

#### MRS. HUNT'S TRIBUTE TO PRINCIPAL THOMPSON.

Mrs. M. C. Hunt read a tribute to Prin. Thompson. Following is her tribute:

We are told that hero worship is of the past, gone with the lost arts. But this is not true, nor should it be so. We have no other criterion by which to form our standards of life and character, except the prominent personalities of history and of our acquaintance, the heroes of the past and of our own times.

Far away and evil will be the day when the names of Grant and Sherman will cease to be revered as the highest ideals of the citizen soldier; or those of Washington and Lincoln be robbed of the halo of Christian statesmanship with which they are to-day encircled.

The same principle holds true in the narrower field of our own experience. Those conspicuous personalities of our acquaintance which seem to have had the greatest influence in cultivating our tastes, ennobling our ideals, and so, in moulding our characters, will naturally and of right become our heroes and command our homage. Of such is the subject of this sketch.

Forty years ago this almost present autumn there came to us from the classic halls of Dartmouth a young undergraduate, a youth of only 19 years, to take the helm in this, even then, old and respected institution. Handsome, alert, dignified, suave, he captivated our fancy at the first meeting; and

eight years of the intimate relations of teacher and pupil, or the free unconventional social life of a country village, only served to ripen this feeling into the one of affectionate respect with which he became and is still regarded by every one of those fortunate souls who are to-day alumni of that halcyon decade, '57 to '67.

Coming of the bluest of Puritan stock, his father a learned professor in a New England theological school, his mother a woman of rare breadth and force of character, in a community in which breadth and force were the rule rather than the exception; he imbibed with his home training a conservatism of the highest type; while his hearty, enthusiastic nature made him an earnest sympathizer with all that was best in the advanced order which at that time was beginning to assume control in the realms of thought and in practical affairs.

With the keenest possible sense of humor he never for a moment forgot that humor was neither vulgarity nor cruelty. Sarcasm was a weapon he never wielded. With a cordiality toward all his pupils closely approaching good fellowship, his bearing was such that no pupil was ever known to presume upon a familiarity.

His scholarship, though at that time only of books and schools, was of a thoroughness and finish which left nothing to be desired even for the preceptor of Caledonia County Grammar School.

His Christianity was above criticism, whether measured by the standard of the theologian or the record of a devoted and blameless life.

But perhaps his most notable characteristic was his courageous and unswerving manliness and devotion to truth and right, regardless of consequences to himself or his ambitions. During the whole of his sojourn here, no petty jealousy ever ruffled the serenity of his demeanor, no calumny ever attempted a blot upon his spotless name. His high standard of manhood and womanhood he did his utmost with skill, and in a kindly manner, to instil into the minds and hearts of those who were so fortunate as to come within the circle of his influence. And many a man and woman, who were boys and girls 40 years ago, owe whatever inspiration which may have led them to purer, nobler and higher lives to the influence of those teachings. And when the time came that he left us, called to a higher plane of action and a broader field of usefulness, whether in his chosen calling as instructor of youth, at conservative and cultured Arlington; as pioneer, in the new and advanced technical education, at Worcester; as original investigator in his favorite specialty of expert chemist; or in his last and most notable work, the organization of the great Rose Polytechnic Institute at Terre Haute, in whose service he sacrificed his life in the very prime and vigor of his glorious manhood; every step was one in advance, and the same feeling of respect and affection from his associates, which he inspired here, followed him everywhere to the end.



Is it any wonder then those of us who knew and loved such a man in his youth, his developing and developed manhood, should inscribe in letters of gold upon the tablets of our memories: In honor of Charles Oliver Thompson, the ripe scholar, the wise counselor, the genial comrade, the loyal friend, the high-toned Christian gentleman.

#### DR. WARDEN'S REMARKS.

Dr. Albert Warden, of New York, spoke upon "Helpful Training:"

I come here as a Barnet boy and as a former student of this famous school. I am glad of such a royal welcome as the people of Peacham have given to-day. As I came up the valley I saw on the hilltop a new structure rising higher than the forest trees. What is it? I am led to consider it not a tower of defence, not a wall of exclusion, but rather as a herald of welcome to the returning.

I have been assigned to speak of "Helpful Training."

To enlighten the mind, to cultivate the perception, to strengthen the memory and the reason, to train the hands to do, to place man where he may subdue the earth and enjoy the fruit of his labors in the field and in the mine and on the waters; to have dominion over every living thing, to place man in right relation with his Maker, to teach him how to live and to deal rightly with his fellowmen, to teach right principles and to practice them until right doing becomes the habit and easy, is helpful training. It is knowing the right way and walking in it. It is knowing and doing. I say store the mind with useful knowledge, and, above all, teach the boys to be manly men and the girls to be womanly women. Let wisdom, strength and beauty be brought to their full evolution each in their own place and proportion.

The upbuilding of character is education. The youth should be taught the use of letters to enable him to learn the lesson from the past and to help him to communicate with his fellows by the written page. All require general education. Each occupation requires something of special training. The farmer, the carpenter and the merchant and all must have the essentials of education, but the merchant need not have the special manual training of the mechanic. All require the intellectual training, all require the moral upbuilding and all require the reciprocal support of each other. Manual and business training may both be added to the curriculum.

I have observed in New England the tendency toward the elevation of the individual rather than the upbuilding of the family as the unit of the social structure. Herein is a source of weakness to the State and to the community. Who will solve the question and produce the remedy? Helpful training will bring the individual into proper relations with life. The successful coming man will seek strength in union. The spirit of the age is toward organization in the form of co-operation. It is, therefore, important that the youth be taught to stand

with his fellows, not selfishly isolated, and be able and willing to work and live with them. Cultivate co-operation. Cultivate the best friendships. In every good work strengthen one another.

We live in a progressive age. Caledonia county has produced during the past century many noble men, made more able and useful by this school. You should see to it that this Caledonia County school has the equipment for future good work. This school at one hundred years of age is still young and has a greater work to do. It was founded according to the needs of the community. Now let this school be strengthened to fulfill the educational requirements of the day and of the coming century.

We honor the men of the past and glory in their work as organizers and builders. We should live as did they in the morning of life—looking to the future. Let the trustees be faithful to the charge received from the fathers, and let all combine to make this school a greater power for good. Then will the youth of the county and country go forth from this center with solid learning and with sound principles.

It is the birthday of this school, the alma mater of many here present. We come with friendly greeting to meet you at this centennial celebration, with pride for the past career of this school, and to join with you in the wish for its future welfare.

#### MR. FISK'S TRIBUTE TO REV. LYMAN S. WATTS.

Rev. P. B. Fisk, of Lyndon, paid the following tribute to Rev. Lyman S. Watts, a former principal of the school.

I am glad to render public tribute to the character and work of my "twin-brother in the ministry," in the presence of so many who knew him well and esteemed him highly.

Rev. Lyman S. Watts was born in Peacham in September, 1832. His mother died when he was a very small child, but even then he had come to be known as a precocious pupil in school. He showed such a talent for mathematics that school-mates of many more years used to say, "If Lyman cannot solve that problem, it is of no use for the rest of us to spend the time."

This ability was a chief reason why he was admitted to this Institution as the youngest of all its students in that early day, but it was under the preceptorship of the venerable C. C. Chase, to whom he was as the youngest son.

There is, among the files in the pastor's office of this Congregational Church, a characteristic paper written by Bro. Watts, after the methods of those days, giving an account of his religious exercises and reasons for desiring membership. He was then about nineteen years of age, and it was soon after the death of his beloved pastor and Sunday School teacher—Rev. David Merrill. I think an evangelist—Rev. Mr. Gallagher—had been here for quite an extended season, and that Lyman was only one of a large number who came at the same time.



DR. S. C. BARTLETT

Principal, 1836-1838





This paper ends with a sentence which is very similar to the C. E. Pledge of to-day—the promise of a life-long service to his Saviour, so far as he should be enabled to render it.

His determination to obtain a liberal education, with the Gospel ministry in view, was made at the same time. He now encountered opposition, which should have no mention here, only to say that he nobly overcame, and showed himself here also a “conqueror and more than a conqueror.” He put what money was given him into the bank, and paid his own way. This kept him teaching winters, and made him fall back in his college course one whole year, graduating in the class of '59, Middlebury College, he being the Salutatorian of the class.

He was “about as much of a pastor as teacher” (as was said by the third pastor here, Rev. Asaph Boutelle, when he strongly favored his election to the preceptorship though so young), and his influence with his pupils was always quietly uplifting and inspiring.

In '61 he entered Andover Seminary, and soon began to minister, as the acting pastor in the First Congregational Church in Dracut (now Lowell), Mass. I was ordained about the same time (October, '63), in the West, or “Pautucket” Church, and here our acquaintance and friendship began. In '64 both of us were in the Christian Commission in the army, though not together; and in the same year it was my privilege, as a member of the Andover Association of ministers, to take part in the session when Bro. Watts, and another of the same class, were examined and approbated as candidates for the pastorate. One part of that session comes to me now, which was perfectly characteristic. According to custom, each presented a sermon, or a sketch of one, for examination. The classmate had a sermon on “The Devil,” remarking that he supposed he should have a good deal to do with that individual, and he thought he might as well begin to study him. Bro. Watts had one on the text, “Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he be able to finish.” It was evident at all times that he had done so.

I very soon began to lean on him and seek his advice and aid. He sent me up here, and I was not content until he also came to Barnet. Now we were comrades in almost everything. The intimacy grew precious to me, and lasted for ten blessed years.

It was my privilege to unite him in the bonds of matrimony with his schoolmate, and chosen assistant while preceptor here—Miss Sarah Chamberlain, daughter of one of the deacons of this church, and Valedictorian of her class in La Salle Seminary—and my joy to watch how the new bonds enlarged my friend's life in every way.

Of her sudden death, and his steady decline from that day till he also died (in '72), I may not stay to speak, nor of the marble in yonder cemetery which bears his name. He was a faithful friend, and, never having known the love of a

real brother, he seems to me as near that as possible. In every relation of life he was faithful, and many there will be to rise up and call him blessed.

#### PROF. M'LACHLIN'S TRIBUTE TO MR. BUNKER.

Prof. Edward H. McLachlin, of South Hadley Falls, Mass., spoke of the time from 1867 to 1895:

It is given to but few men to remain twenty-eight years at the head of any one educational institution.

Mr. Bunker has had the longest principalship in the history of this Academy. No other approaches him in length of service. When we remember that there have been forty-one principals during the century, and that forty of these covered a period of only seventy-two years, or less than an average of two years each, this comparison becomes very striking.

Moreover, during his entire administration there have been only three preceptresses, Miss Amy B. Fisk, Miss Hattie E. Guy and Mrs. C. A. Bunker.

In the fall of 1867 Miss Fisk was the preceptress. In the winter of 1868 it was thought there would be need of only one teacher, but at the opening of the term the number of pupils had increased from about twenty-five to fifty-seven, and Miss Hattie E. Guy was employed. In the following spring and fall Miss Fisk resumed the place she had so ably filled before. In the winter of 1869 Mrs. Bunker became preceptress, and remained in that position for twenty-six years. This is a record hardly paralleled in the two main positions of any institution.

Mr. Bunker has, therefore, become identified with this school, and with this community, as no other principal ever did or will. For thirty years he has gone in and out before this people. A generation of pupils has come and gone since he taught his first boys and girls. Manifestly, then, there could be no centennial celebration of this kind in which he was not a large part. In an institution like this the principal is the school, and the school is what he makes it.

I remember my student days here with great pleasure and there comes to me two especial characteristics of the Peacham Academy of twenty years ago, viz., the painstaking accuracy of its instruction and its discipline. These are characteristics of any school which impress themselves upon the lives and memories of the pupils who go out from it. Far be it from me to say meaningless or insincere words of praise. You know the story of this school, and of the work which Charles A. Bunker did in and for it. The great army of young men and women, scattered the wide world over in fields of honest and honorable labor, are living monuments of his success. We all remember how careful he was of the little things, which marks the true teacher, and grounds his pupils in the foundations of accurate scholarship, how clear his explanations were, and how patient and unselfish he was with those who really had a desire for knowledge.

A school is a kind of family. It ought to be bound together like a family by oneness of interest. The law which governs the inner life of each should be the law of love. There must be authority in both. Unless institutions of learning can teach a respect for constituted authority, and can train its pupils toward right living and law-abiding citizens, it is an injury rather than a benefit, and it is unfitting them for the performance of life's duties, for which it is the school's supreme object to prepare.

The ideal teacher, then, must combine in himself the ability to teach and to govern. It is no undue flattery to say that Charles A. Bunker possessed these two attributes in an unusual degree. The long line of boys and girls whom he has fitted and placed in the various colleges, many of them to be an honor to both institutions, is ample proof of this. More convincing still, is the concurrent testimony of the greater number of young men and women who have here received their preparation for the practical duties of a successful life.

He taught that a school should have few rules, but that those few should be firm and impartial, that the pupil must feel that there was a rule and a sure penalty for its violation, that the teacher's word was law, that his judgment was wise and his confidence secure; yet, behind all this, he inculcated an ever-present sense of justice, and a chivalric loyalty to truth. He was a good disciplinarian. He was severe. He was just. But why talk about discipline? To the good man there is no law. Against the evil doer he moved with a vigor that showed that "the way of the transgressor is hard." A common interest and a common regard for the good of all are the only forces by which a happy and prosperous school can be secured. The rights of some in every school, as in every community, must be restrained for the greatest good of the greatest number.

Again, the ideal teacher is a polite and courteous gentleman—courteous, yet sincere, and free from sarcasm, that foulest weapon of impotence and cowardice. His school is a moral policeman in the community. The conduct of its pupils in the school room, on the street, in their own homes, and in all their lives, is a living expression of the culture and refinement which is there sought to inculcate. I need not say that for twenty-eight years Peacham Academy was especially fortunate in a principal of this kind.

What is all this but to state by way of summary and pre-eminence that Charles A. Bunker was a gifted, thorough, manly instructor, a wise counsellor and a genial companion? Every pupil owes much to his teachers. Next to his parents they are the greatest moulding influence of his life. As one looks back upon his school-days, here and there distant recollections stand out, like glimmering lights on a far-off shore. You remember some word, some counsel, some circumstance which made an abiding impression upon you, and which,



through the influence of an inspiring teacher, broadened out life's plans. Education is like religion. It seeks the individual that it may bestow upon him the fulness of its blessing, and open the windows of the soul that light divine may enter.

After the lapse of eighteen years I am glad to pay this tribute of respect to him who fitted me for college, and who early guided me in the higher lines of intellectual work.

Nor could I fail to accord a full share of credit to her who from '69 to '95 labored so faithfully and so well in the interests of this school, who for twenty-six years was preceptress of Peacham Academy and of whom, like the one of old, it might be said:

"None knew her but to honor her." We all liked Mrs. Bunker. We remember her genial ways and kindly counsel. She was always ready to forgive our shortcomings and to speak words of commendation for earnest effort.

No review of this nature would be complete without mentioning the lyceums and interviews. Both, I believe, were of paramount importance, and exerted a healthful influence on the life of the school. It is not easy to overestimate the value of the old weekly debates. The lyceum is a thing unknown in the modern high school, except in connection with some literary society, which gives it an entirely different nature. In all the secondary schools there is far too little practice in speaking. While students deplore the lack of power which such training gives, still they regard rhetorical work generally as a "grind," and a burden to be shirked if possible. Some of the ablest speakers of the century have been the product of the country schools, and of the old New England academy. We may believe that the lyceum contributed in no small degree that training and self-poise which afterwards ripened into the full measure of power.

The "interviews," too! How can we forget them? Your chairman could better speak of them, for in those days I was timid, and always went home early and alone. Still, they had their place, and it was a good one. The social element of any school is one to be cultivated with proper limitations against the encroachment upon other duties. As a means of discipline, as well as of brightening the sober work of student life, the interviews were valuable.

For twenty-eight years, then—aye, for a hundred years—Peacham Academy has stood for education in its truest and noblest sense. Other schools have surpassed it in the magnificence of their equipment and in the grandeur of their athletic conquests. In these times when boat racing and ball playing occupy so important a place, there must be some smaller and less expensive schools, whose names are unrecorded in the catalogue of Olympic games, which devote themselves to intellectual training. Such Peacham Academy has always been, and such may it continue to be, as the years roll by. As others come and go may they, like us, look back to this place as to what was once their home; may they, like us,





HON. C. C. CHASE  
Principal, 1839-1845



remember, sir, that here were experienced words of counsel and encouragement, of kindness and of sympathy; may they learn that genius, as commonly understood, is a myth; that success is character coupled with unremitting effort, and that the truest success is developed only in a character planted on the Rock of Ages.

In the century to come, as in the century past, first of all, then, let this school inculcate the eternal principles of truth, and before and above all book instruction let it cultivate the sterling virtues of a Christian character, which, alone, is the foundation of all that is pure and noble and worthy in life, and of all that men respect, and love, and honor.

When a hundred years shall have ripened into a second century, and others shall come up this hill and across this green to pay their tribute of devotion at this shrine of youth, I trust they will find Peacham Academy wearing the honors of its former years, fulfilling the promise of youth and laying the foundation of broad culture, and of loyal citizenship.

And, sir, in closing let me leave with you one sentiment, which looks toward the dawn and the culmination of that day of peace on earth, good will toward men: Christian education and Christian civilization, hand in hand, for the individual, for the State and for the glory of His kingdom.

#### CENTENNIAL ODE.

After the "Hallelujah Chorus" by the chorus, Prof. Fred. L. Gibson, of Ryegate, recited the following poem:

#### CENTENNIAL ODE.

Why to-day is Peacham crowded?  
Why to-day has this old town  
Garbed itself in flags and flowers,  
Donned a gay and festive gown?  
Why with speeches, rites and music  
Are the hours continuous spent,  
What's the spring of all this action,  
What's its meaning, cause, intent?

When a nation's arms have triumphed  
Cannon boom and trumpets blare,  
And the exultant shouts of millions  
Rend the startled, vibrant air;  
When a sovereign's reign has lengthened  
To a term of three-score years—  
When a new world in four centuries  
Finds no rivals and no peers—  
Then a nation's pride o'erflowing  
Builds a city like a dream  
Or creates a world drawn pageant  
So vast, all others pigmies seem.

Here the ardor and devotion  
That with a magnetic power  
Gathers from the Atlantic seaboard  
To where Rocky Mountains tower—  
Here the fervor and the feeling  
That as one makes all these hearts,  
Springs from love of Alma Mater,  
Primal school in all these parts.

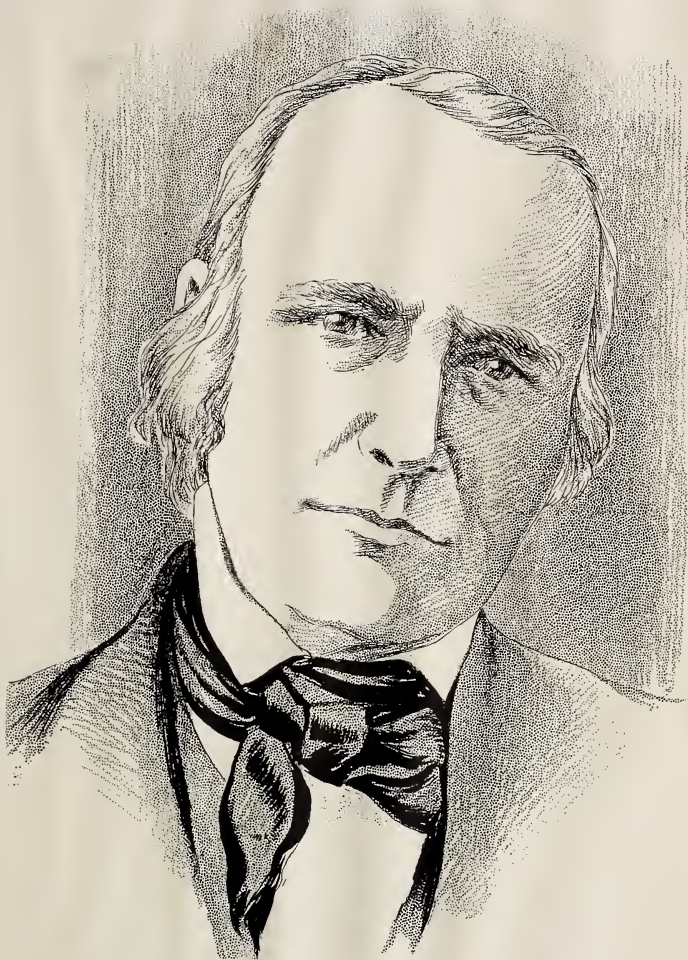
Founded when scarce broken forests  
Covered all the country's face,  
When the catamount and wild deer  
And the wilder, fiercer red race,  
Were so rife that youthful learners  
Anxious scanned each bush and tree,  
Viewed the rocks with terror, thinking  
There a lurking foe might be;  
On an eminence commanding,  
A now classic, sacred hill,  
Long ago her fires were lighted,  
Beacons brightly burning still.

Founded by the Peacham spirit  
A full century ago,  
That same spirit's care and nurture  
Made her great and prosperous grow.  
In a genial atmosphere  
Of union and good will,  
Braced and propped by public favor,  
Barred from every blast of ill,  
She has been the township's darling  
And her children from afar  
From her merits and contagion  
Equally her lovers are.

'Round her domicile the breezes  
Softly blow in summer time,  
And in winter's reign Old Boreas  
Brings the snow and sleet and rime.  
Every trait of character—  
Every thoughtful, gentle mood,  
Every hardening, toughening process  
Finds in Peacham weather, food.

Wide is her extended outlook  
Over lake and vale and hill,  
Breeding breadth and strength of vision  
For the strife with human ill.  
Grand are the two mountain ranges—  
The near Green ones—the far White—  
Teaching us in all our living,  
To be noble, stable, right.





DR. JOSIAH SHEDD

Secretary of Board, 1839-1842. President, 1845-1851.





Providence and nature surely  
On this school have seemed to smile.  
One hundred years of usefulness!  
Who of us will serve that while?  
To her corps of faithful teachers  
Acting, living, gone,  
Now we pay the grateful tribute  
For their work so nobly done.

Doctors, lawyers, teachers, preachers,  
Editors, men of affairs,  
All successful, foremost, famous  
In their several walks and chairs,  
Testify their Alma Mater  
Was efficient in the past,  
And deserves a glorious future  
That shall without limit last.

In the hands of her Alumni  
To the current of that tide  
Here to-day so strongly flowing—  
To the potent local pride—  
To the tireless Peacham spirit,  
Ever brave to plan and do—  
And to Providence I leave her,  
These will surely see her through.

The afternoon exercises closed with "America," sung by the audience.

#### THE CONCERT.

The centennial concert in the Congregational Church was a fitting ending to the day's festivities and was largely attended. The Neapolitan orchestra appeared in their native dress, and all the parts were well received. Following is the programme:

Overture .....	Sherman Orchestra
Song .....	Signor Giovanni
Selection .....	Neapolitan Orchestra
Cornet Solo.....	G. D. Sherman
Hungarian Fantasie.....	Sherman Orchestra
Recitation .....	Miss Kinerson
Selection .....	Neapolitan Orchestra
Song .....	Miss Browne
"Amorita" .....	Sherman Orchestra
Chorus .....	Led by Prof H. H. May
Selection .....	Neapolitan Orchestra
Clarinet Solo.....	W. H. Sherman
Medley .....	Sherman Orchestra
Recitation .....	Miss Nellie M. Harvey
Selection .....	Neapolitan Orchestra
Song .....	Prof. H. H. May

Selection ..... Sherman Orchestra  
Violin Solo—"Ave Maria"..... Signor Lignati  
Chorus ..... Led by Prof. H. H. May  
Song ..... Signor Giuseppe  
Intermezzo "Cavalleria Rusticana" and the "Pilgrims' Chorus,"  
by the combined orchestras.

In addition to the above a duet was sung by Profs. May and Conant that greatly pleased the audience. Over 700 people were present, and fully 200 could not gain admittance.

#### THURSDAY.

Thursday morning was bright and sunny and the crowd began to arrive early. A meeting of all students during Mr. Bunker's administration was called at nine o'clock in the Academy Hall and a large number responded to the call. At ten o'clock a thousand people were in the tent waiting for the exercises to begin.

Rev. E. E. Strong, D. D., of Boston, Mass., who has known many of the former principals of the school and had great interest in the town and school, performed the duties of chairman in a most pleasing manner. (It is deeply regretted that no copy of this speech can be obtained.) After a selection by the Sherman orchestra prayer was offered by Rev. S. S. Martyn. An address of welcome was made by Rev. J. K. Williams, who, in a few appropriate words, extended cordial greetings to the many who had come to Peacham to assist and help make successful the one hundredth anniversary of the old school so dear to all. Then came the historical address, by Hon. C. A. Bunker, of Peacham.

#### HISTORICAL ADDRESS BY MR. BUNKER.

"Little of all we value here  
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year  
Without both feeling and looking queer."

So said Dr. Holmes, but then, he was probably joking; he almost always was. But to write the history of a great and beneficent institution like the Caledonia County Grammar School, planned and founded by a generation of men and women, heroic, self-sacrificing, and great in all those elements which make heroes and heroines of those who, amid savage beasts and still more savage men, in a remote wilderness, establish a new civilization in a new State, is no joke.

Sallust, the Roman historian, having determined to write the history of the Roman people in separate parts, at the outset said: "It seems in the highest degree difficult to write history; first, because deeds must be adequately represented by words; and, next, because most readers consider that whatever errors you mention with censure, are mentioned through malevolence and envy; while, when you speak of the great virtue and glory of men, every one hears with acquiescence

only that which he himself thinks easy to be performed; all beyond his own conception he regards as fictitious and incredible."

It will be my task to-day to briefly trace the causes which led to the settlement of this town on this wilderness hill, giving it the name Peacham, a name never before or since given to any town; to recall to your minds the men and women who toiled so faithfully to carry forward a Christian civilization here; to give the circumstances leading to the founding of the Caledonia County Grammar School; to refresh your memories with some of the events of most general interest in connection with the school; to delineate the character of a few of those men who, as officers of the school, or teachers, or students, have taken a conspicuous part in it and the world's varied activities, and to rescue from oblivion the memories of a noble and heroic past, now rapidly fading out in the lapse of a century.

According to the old records, the town of Peacham was originally granted by George III. of England, through Gov. Benning Wentworth of New Hampshire, to seventy-six grantees, natives of New Hampshire, Connecticut and Massachusetts.

The language of the charter is, "ix miles square and no more." The town contained 23,040 acres. A gore between Peacham and Danville, in the shape of a rhomboid and called Dewesburg, was afterwards divided between the two towns and this increased the area to 25,695 acres.

The charter gives "His Excellency, Benning Wentworth, Esq., a tract of land to contain Five Hundred Acres as marked B. W. in the Plann, which is to be accounted two of the within shares, One whole Share for the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts, One whole Share for a Glebe for the Church of England as by Law established, One Share for the first Settled Minister of the Gospel, and One Share for the Benefit of a School in said Town Forever."

The charter expressly reserves all white and other pine trees fit for the "Masting Our Royal Navy."

The charter goes on to specify, "IIIdly, That before any Division of land Be made to and among the Grantees a Tract of Land as near the Centre of the Said Township as the land will admit Shall be reserved and Marked Out for town Lotts, one of which shall be allotted to Each Grantee of the Contents of one acre, fourthly Yielding and Paying therefor To us, our Heirs and Successors for the Space of Ten Years to be Computed from the Date Hereof the Rent of one Ear of Indian Corn only on the twenty-fifth Day of December annually if lawfully Demanded, the first Payment to be made on the twenty-fifth of December, A. D. 1764.

"V. Every Proprietor, Settler or Inhabitant shall Yield and Pay unto us, Our Heirs and Successors, yearly and Every year forever from and after the Expiration of ten years from the abovesaid twenty-fifth Day of December—which will be



in the Year of our Lord, one Thousand, Seven Hundred and Seventy-four, one Shilling Proclamation money for Every Hundred acres he so owns, Settles or possesses."

The first town meeting of the grantees was held, by charter direction, in Hadley, Mass., Jan. 18, 1764. Owing to the Revolutionary War, the bitter controversy between New Hampshire and New York, the severity of Vermont winters, and the distance between Hadley and Peacham, greater than the entire length of Vermont, the settlement of the town was exceedingly slow. For ten years it remained an unbroken wilderness. The proprietors occasionally held a meeting with William Chamberlain, one of the early settlers, as their clerk, and did some surveying.

The first meeting held in Peacham was Aug. 20, 1783, twenty years after the granting of the charter and only six months before the first regular town meeting of which we have any record.

The town was laid out in lots of one hundred acres each, in the form of a parallelogram. Portions of an old map and record left by Gen. William Chamberlain speak of the "square," but what or where the square was could not be ascertained. Fortunately Col. Jonathan Elkins, Jun., who came to Peacham when he was fourteen years old, with his father, Dea. Jonathan Elkins, kept a memorandum of those early years, and that document, now in possession of his son, Henry Elkins, Esq., of Chicago, throws much light upon all our early history.

According to this memorandum, Gen. Jacob Bailey, of Newbury, the most noted man in this part of the country at that time, in 1774 sent his son Joshua with several men to survey a tract in Peacham.

Starting with the western boundary of Barnet he surveyed a tract nearly west about three miles square. All within this boundary was said to be in "The Square," all without in "The Ranges."

The surveyors "pitched" them some lots, and, on their return to Newbury gave glowing accounts of the new Canaan. In September of this same year Deacon Jonathan Elkins, of Haverhill, N. H., with some others visited Peacham, and Elkins was so much pleased that he "pitched him a lot," and, returning to Haverhill, immediately sold his farm.

In May, 1775, Deacon Elkins and his son Jonathan, who kept the memorandum, with two hired men, came to Peacham. There was no road. They found their way by spotted trees. They were joined this same spring by John Skeelee, Col. Frye Bailey, John Sanborn, Archy McLachlin, and some others. They cleared some land, but all returned in the fall.

In the spring of 1776 Deacon Elkins returned to Peacham, which was now his only home. In May, 1776, says the memorandum, Gen. Bailey sent men to cut a military road through to Canada. By July the road was so far advanced that wagons could reach Peacham and Deacon Elkins brought his family here, and this was the first family that settled in town. Three





REV. T. GOODWILLIE  
President, 1841-1845, 1852-1867.



years later Colonel, afterwards Gen. Moses Hazen, was sent to finish the road, which gave it the name "Hazen road." That road, made expressly for military purposes, was of infinite importance in the settlement of this town. It took the general direction of this road through the village and was very crooked, going where it could be most easily and quickly made. Remains of it are plainly to be seen where it passed along a little to the left of the present highway below the village northward.

Col. Elkins has left a vivid picture of Gen. Hazen while building this road. He says: "Col. Hazen's troops were poorly clad, many of the soldiers had no shoes and they complained bitterly, and the flies were very bad. Hazen himself would strip off his shoes and stockings and go barelegged and barefooted to encourage his men that complained. I saw him on his return to my father's with his legs all bloody as if he had wiped them in blood (and his hands and face the same), with the blood that had been taken by the flies from him. His soldiers would say that nothing would kill him."

In 1781, says Col. Elkins, Col. Johnson came to Peacham with a load of millstones, and, the boy adds, "a barrel of rum for my father." That night a band of Tories and Indians surrounded the house. That rum must be concealed. Human nature could not waste it. A hole was dug in the cellar of the little log house and the rum was buried; which was a miracle, because there is not another spot on this hill where one could dig a hole large enough to hide a barrel without striking a ledge or stone.

Our boy of the memorandum was taken prisoner, carried to Canada and later to England, and put in Mill Prison, Plymouth. In Canada he suffered everything but death itself. The British offered him his freedom if he would enlist and take an oath to be true to the king. The boy replied: "I shall not sign my name to any paper, neither shall I take an oath to be true to the king."

The prisoners' food was insufficient, and Benjamin Franklin, then Minister to France, gave the prisoners one shilling apiece per week with which to buy food. Elkins took his extra shilling and bought pens, ink, paper, and a slate, and, with others, hired those of the prisoners who were educated to teach them. He preserved a large part of his work in this odd school. Under the "Rule of Three direct," as he says, he gives this problem and makes the answer 2,000. "If 20 dogs for 30 groats go 40 weeks to grass, how many hounds, for 60 crowns, may winter in that place?" I give these incidents to show what it cost to settle Peacham and of what material the Caledonia County Grammar School was made.

History tells us that no white person was ever killed in Peacham by an Indian. The memorandum of Col. Elkins gives the reason. The Indians were numerous along the Hazen road. Gen. Bailey wrote to Washington for advice, at the same time suggesting that they be treated "with all kindness

possible." Washington approved of this course and this William Penn policy kept the savages friendly.

In 1777 Harvey Elkins was born, the first white child. On the old records I find the proprietors voted to give Harvey fifty acres of good land. This vote seemed to produce the desired effect, for we soon read of the ushering in of the era of large families. The record, a true one because written by Father Worcester, shows many families ranging all the way from half a dozen to fourteen children.

Twenty years after the granting of the charter something of a boom set in for Peacham. Few, if any of the grantees, ever came here. The seventy named, all that the charter contained, are not familiar to this locality. They are such as Smith, Warner, Kellogg, Meacham, Hutchins, Burt, Cook, Montague and Penhallow. They were not so anxious to found a great town and a great city as to sell the land granted by George III. for a great price.

The men and women who came here to subdue the wilderness, to establish homes, to develop a robust manhood and womanhood, and to build, not for themselves alone, but for posterity and for time, bore such honored names as Bailey, Blanchard, Carter, Chamberlin, Chandler, Elkins, Foster, Guy, Johnson, Martin, McLachlin, Merrill, Miner, Skeelee, Way, Worcester and the like.

The boom once on, we may suppose there was much rivalry, generous or otherwise, for position. This hill on which we are now assembled seems to have been the center of activity. It appears strange to us to-day that this spot, so difficult of access, should have been chosen for the principal village of the town, when South Peacham, or East Peacham, or the location beyond Academy Hill, is so much better suited for a village. Probably these valleys were all full of water a century and a quarter ago, and the early settlers were forced upon the hills in order to find land suitable for raising crops. However this may have been, Deacon Jonathan Elkins "pitched" on what has always been known as the Elkins place, just below the village; William Chamberlain, beyond Academy Hill on what is now known as the Ashbel Martin farm, and Abiel Blanchard selected the farm just out of the village, north, on the Hazen road.

Each wanted to be the center of the new city that he might become rich from the sale of his land. Gen. Chamberlin saw that he had a fine location and felt sure that the new village would go beyond the hill toward him. Abiel, feeling his weakness of locality, with that shrewdness that always characterized his race, adopted this policy; he promised every artisan and tradesman who would locate on this side of the hill a lot of land upon which to erect a building.

In 1795 Peacham had reached the proportions of a thriving community. In ten years its growth had been something marvelous. It was one of the most important towns of the



State. At this time William Chamberlin, town clerk, reported the grand list of the town as returned by the listers to be 2,230.

The leaders now began to look around for something that would tend to enhance the glory of the town and bring substantial advantage. In a warning dated Sept. 2, 1795, for a town meeting to be held on the 15th of the same month, I find this article: "2d to see if the town will Authorize Wm. Chamberlin, Esq., to engage in behalf of the Town to build a Court House or County Grammar School House or any other Publick Building upon the Expense of the Town with what will be subscribed, if any of the above privileges are granted by the Legislature."

At the town meeting subsequently held it was "II. Voted That in case a grant of the County Grammar School can be obtained by Act of Assembly and Established in the town of Peacham, That the Town will Support a Preceptor for the term of three years from the first day of January, A. D. 1797, Provided the Persons who live in the vicinity of the place where the Building will probably be built will Subscribe a Sum Sufficient for Erecting the Buildings that shall be required by the Trustees and that the Town Clerk be Directed to receive subscriptions to the amount of three Hundred Pounds." "3d. Voted That Jonathan Ware, Wm. Chamberlin and Wm. Buckminster be a Committee to Draft a memorial to be presented to the Legislature for the Purpose of Obtaining a grant of the County Grammar School."

At an adjourned meeting, the town voted "That the right granted by the charter of the Town to the Incorporated society for the propagation of the gospel in Foreign parts be relinquished and given up to the County Grammar School, provided the same be established in this Town."

At this time both the records and tradition show that the people of Peacham were divided upon the question of whether they would have the court house or the academy. Those who were looking at the money side only ardently desired the court house, while those who were looking forward to the mental and moral development of the youth, were anxious for the school. Among the latter was Gen. Chamberlin. Denied the early advantages of a thorough education he fully realized its lack in the many prominent positions which he was called upon by his fellow citizens to fill.

The memorandum tells us plainly what the position of Col. Elkins must have been on such a question. I think it is within the bounds of truth to say that the influence of these two men, Revolutionary soldiers, decided the question immensely to the advantage of Peacham. As the town's representative, Gen. Chamberlin took the memorial to the Legislature, and on the last day of the session, Oct. 27, 1795, the charter was granted.

The records show plainly that the early settlers were a God-fearing people and, among their very first public acts,



we find votes appropriating money for the support of preaching. The Congregational Church had been organized in 1794, and the town was carrying on an exceedingly brisk controversy concerning the proper location for a church edifice.

The academy question held the church controversy at bay for a time, and, finally, the people agreed to concentrate all their energies, for the time being, upon the school and use the building for church purposes for a few years.

The memorial from the town to the Legislature made the charter a contract between the town and the State; a contract religiously kept by the town, and this shrewd piece of statesmanship on the part of Gen. Chamberlin and others is the real cause why Peacham has held her school lands intact, while all, or nearly all, the other schools have lost theirs.

The memorial promised that the inhabitants would build the house, furnish the land, and support the Preceptor for a period of three years. Later, when other schools tried to get a part of the school lands, the Trustees pleaded the contract entered into with the State, and the Supreme Court, Judge Collamer on the bench, said: "Peacham has kept her part of the contract and shall keep the lands."

The people of this generation little appreciate the debt of gratitude they owe the fathers for their generosity and wisdom in securing the charter of the Caledonia County Grammar School.

In the strife between the two sides of the hill for advantage and public buildings, the contestants were obliged to resort to that miserable makeshift, a compromise, and so the Academy was located on the hill between the two parties. The situation could hardly have been worse. It was cold and bleak a large part of the school year, and most of the scholars boarding in the village were forced to plow through the snow until the lapse of half a century softened the asperities of men and brought a change of location.

It seems that, at the time of the first building, the land of John Walker, Abiel Blanchard and Jonathan Elkins, Jr., cornered on the hill. These public-spirited citizens came forward with generous offers. Walker gave one acre of land, Blanchard one acre and Elkins two acres.

The Soldiers' Monument now stands on the site of the old Academy, as it is called, and nearly all above that toward the north and west, was covered with dense wood. Abiel Blanchard gave the wood and timber on a large part of this land for the use of the Academy, and this gave the name "Academy Woods" to that eminence upon which the observatory has so recently been built.

The town had appointed a committee consisting of J. W. Chandler, William Chamberlin, Reuben Blanchard, Jonathan Ware, Abiel Blanchard, Jonathan Elkins, Jr., Abel Blanchard and Jacob Guy, to co-operate with the Trustees in selecting a site. William Chamberlin and Jonathan Elkins



MISS L. P. BRADLEY

1849-1855



were appointed to superintend the erection of the building, and Edward Clark was the architect.

This man deserves more than passing mention. Too young to enlist at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, he was a servant of one of the officers until he could enter the army. Later he enlisted and went through the entire war. He served under Gen. Hazen while building his military road. He was badly wounded at the surrender of Cornwallis. While he was remonstrating against being taken to the hospital, believing that to be certain death, the great Marquis de Lafayette came up, and, learning the situation, gave the young soldier a guinea, telling him to go to a private house and get well. This saved his life.

We may suppose that the pupils in the drawing classes often attempted to reproduce this building, but their efforts were all consigned to the waste basket and oblivion except the unpretentious drawing of a young girl, Miss Mary Merrill, a pupil of Miss Louisa Bradlee, a teacher for many years of drawing and painting. Somehow her humble picture has been preserved, and with the aid of certain measurements left on record and the recollection of some who saw, and were familiar with, the house, we have not been forced to draw upon the imagination alone for the excellent picture within the reach of all.

The laying of the corner-stone was a great event, and in those days nothing of importance could be done without a sermon. The services were held in the house of Mr. Moody Morse, who lived near the present residence of Mr. William Morse. Rev. David Goodwillie preached the sermon, taking for his text, II. Timothy 1: 5.

Mrs. Jesse Merrill, who was present on the occasion, said: "I wondered, as he read his text, what he could make out of it, but he went on and preached a real good sermon."

The building was thirty by forty feet, according to the vote of the Trustees. It was two stories high, the upper part being used for the school-room and public hall; the lower story for church services. The first Board of Trustees, according to the charter, consisted of Alexander Harvey, James Whitelaw, James L. Arnold, David Goodwillie, Daniel Cahoon, Horace Beardsley, William Chamberlin, Benjamin Sias and Jacob Davis.

At the first meeting, held in less than a month from the granting of the charter, Alexander Harvey, of Barnet, was elected president, and William Chamberlain, secretary. The first treasurer was not elected until an annual meeting in 1797. The charter makes the Board self-perpetuating, gives it absolute power over the school and all its belongings and makes it amenable to no power under the sun, and the Board has always so understood it and acted accordingly.

But the members of the Board all down the century have been men of exceptionally high character and standing in their respective communities. If in their management of the school



their acts show a conservatism bordering upon Puritanism, remember that Puritanism is better than un-Puritan looseness and license.

In all the century there have been but eleven presidents: Hon. Alexander Harvey, in 1795; Rev. David Goodwillie, 1799; Hon. William Chamberlin, 1813; Rev. Leonard Worcester, 1828; Hon. John W. Chandler, 1839; William Mattocks, Esq., 1840; Rev. Thomas Goodwillie, 1841; Dr. Josiah Shedd, 1845; Rev. Thomas Goodwillie again, 1852; Rev. James M. Beattie, 1867; Dr. Luther F. Parker, 1884; Hon. Cloud Harvey, 1892. The century which began with an honored son of Barnet ends with the first president's worthy grandson.

There have been but seven treasurers, the most important officer, in the century. Gen. James Whitelaw was chosen in 1797; Hon. John W. Chandler, 1806; Samuel A. Chandler, Esq., 1840; Rev. Asaph Boutelle, 1855; Hon. Ezra Carter Chamberlin, 1856; John Varnum, Jr., Esq., 1870; Hon. George P. Blair, the present incumbent, 1889.

There have been but eight secretaries: Hon. William Chamberlain was chosen in 1795. For more than thirty years the Board met at his house. His record, though plain, shows the peculiarity of thought and spelling, and the quaint handwriting of those early days. Rev. Leonard Worcester succeeded him in 1812. I am glad he learned the printer's trade in his youth, for his copy is as plain as copper-plate, as though he had prepared it for the printer. Dr. Josiah Shedd was chosen in 1839. Rev. David Merrill, an honored son of the town and alumnus of this Academy, succeeded him. Although an eloquent man in the pulpit, a man without a peer in the parish, his handwriting shows that he never learned the printer's trade. From 1861 to 1865 Rev. Asaph Boutelle was secretary. His handwriting was but a change of misery for one searching for the facts of history. In 1865 Dr. Mordecai Hale took the pen. Although a lawyer his record is plain, business-like and easily read. In 1870 John Varnum, Jr., commenced his contribution to the secretary's book. John surpassed all his predecessor's in the plainness and neatness of his chirography. In 1889 Hon. George P. Blair was chosen secretary and remains with us until this day. His business relations have been such in Caledonia County for the past quarter of a century that I need say nothing of his handwriting. One can easily tell what he generally wants—money.

I mention these only because their offices bring them prominently before us. There are others equally worthy of mention, but I have no time to speak of them, not even of the three generations of Bells from Walden placed on the Board because of their excellent business capacity, men who, like good wine, grow better as the years roll by.

In 1838, Geo. Erastus Fairbanks was elected a trustee, but I find no record of his ever acting with the Board, probably because he was too busy inventing something that should make St. Johnsbury a "bigger" town than Peacham.

But, although the Board have been most estimable men in all respects, their record shows that even they improved with the thought, culture and customs of the century; for at the annual meeting held in the year 1827, thirty years after the school was started, we notice this vote: "That in future meetings of this Board no ardent spirits be used." May we not conjecture that at their meetings, during those thirty years, they always had a *full* Board?

But it is my painful duty to record that it was not until the year 1877, eighty years after the starting of the school, that the Board voted that their future meetings should be opened with prayer.

The exact date of opening the school I cannot ascertain, but it was some time during the latter part of the year 1797. Ezra Carter, Esq., a graduate of Dartmouth College, was the first Preceptor, at a salary of \$333.33. All parties agree that no mistake was made in securing the first instructor. Mr. Carter was peculiarly suited to the times and the place. Strong physically, vigorous mentally, he aimed straight at his object and accomplished it.

All the people were familiar with Solomon's method of discipline, and liked it. Young America to-day, when forced to submit, speaks of being "turned down." In Carter's time the unruly boy was turned up. His methods of punishment were various. In cold weather it is said there was always a large pile of wood, sled length, in the yard from Abiel Blanchard's wood lot. Woe to that urchin who transgressed, even in slight degree. He was put to work on that woodpile and, although the Academy was situated on the coldest spot of the forty-fourth degree of north latitude, and heated by a fireplace, the house was always warm, with plenty of prepared wood on hand.

Master Carter died at the early age of thirty-eight, but he gave a grand impetus to the school, and in the right direction, and his character and worth grow brighter as the years roll away.

Time would fail me to speak of Evarts, and Chassell, and Christie, and the Chamberlins, and Merrill, and the Worcesters, and Bartlett, and Lord, and Chase, both father and son, and Bradlee, and Rix, and Miller, and Pearson, and Morrill, and Thompson, and Watts, and Tirrell, and Cambridge, and others whose *names* even I have not time to mention—all these have done a work here in this humble school among the green hills of Vermont which shall last long after their monuments have crumbled into dust. Many of the forty-one principals have reached eminent distinction in their chosen callings, in law, politics, theology, teaching and the various departments of business. Volumes might be written of these and their benefactions to mankind.

Who shall estimate the mighty influence of these faithful and cultured men upon the hundreds and thousands who have gone out from these scholastic halls, carrying the impress

of their genius into the varied activities of the world as they have worked out their destiny in every land and in every clime.

Gladly would I bring in review the earnest Christian lady assistants who wrought so unobtrusively but effectively during all these years, but time forbids. Some are yet living and filling responsible positions; others have finished their work, but will long be remembered for what they have done.

Of one principal who from 1867 to 1895 rattled round in the place filled by so many able men for three-quarters of a century, I may not speak; but the hundreds and hundreds of young ladies and gentlemen who, during those twenty-eight years pursued their studies in the Caledonia County Grammar School, it is not my purpose to pass by in silence. In the prime of life, most of them to-day, they constitute a glorious army whose elastic tread is felt the broad earth around, as it marches forth on its imperial mission to bless and benefit mankind.

Of the five who in 1893 were the first to receive the school's diploma three even while we speak, just graduated from three different colleges, are buckling on the armor for the world's conflict—while the other two, Cora Sargeant and Lillian Moody, in their promising girlhood, before entering upon their college course, were called to pass through the "gate of suffering" and to enter a life of higher activity in the service of the Infinite Father."

Were the duty mine to-day to select the best material for an ideal school, the most level headed, the most sensitive to honor, the most loyal to high ideals, the most ambitious, the most courteous, the most just in all the relations of school life, I know not where I could find it outside that band of youth who for twenty-eight years made up the personnel of this Academy. Beyond my own family and kindred, I have formed no ties so strong, so enduring, so satisfactory. If ever in the vicissitudes of time I find myself bereft of fortune, of friends, of kindred, of all that men count dear on earth, there can never be torn from my recollection and my heart the kindness, the sympathy, the helpfulness, the charity, which were given me and mine, in such unstinted measure, for twenty-eight long years.

I think it was the purpose of the founders of the Academy to furnish a free school to all pupils in the county, but they soon realized the cost of such a school, and at their annual meeting in November, 1797, they voted that each pupil entering school on or after Dec. 1, 1797, should pay one shilling per month in advance for procuring wood for winter, purchasing a book for records and other contingent expenses of the school, and all persons who apply for admission not in the county, pay four shillings per month in advance. At their annual meeting in November, 1798, they voted that each pupil pay twenty-five cents per quarter for the purpose of procuring globes and for other necessary expenses. This is the first record I find of





MISS ABBY L. HITCHCOCK  
1852-1855





using our present system of dollars and cents in money matters. At the annual meeting of the Board the next year we notice a vote to make the tuition seventeen cents in advance for each quarter to cover the expense of an addition to the Academy. At the annual meeting of the Board in September, 1800, they passed a very significant vote, far reaching in its consequences.

"Voted 5th that the several engagements entered into by the Inhabitants of the Town of Peacham, as proposed in the memorial of William Chamberlin to the Legislature of this state, in their behalf, being the conditions on which the grant fixing the County Grammar School in said Town was made, have been fully and Punctually fulfilled."

At the same meeting the Trustees voted to make the tuition one shilling per quarter in advance for procuring wood and making up the deficiency of the funds for the salary of the Preceptor, and that the school year should be forty-eight weeks in length. Think of that, youth and maiden, who often find yourselves so tired at the middle of the term that you have to leave school!

In 1801 I find the first mention of an assistant in the Academy. Probably the Principal had no help before that date. The next year we find this entry in the secretary's book: "Voted that the committee appointed to superintend the Prudential affairs of the Institution be authorized, at their discretion, to employ a Female Assistant to the Preceptor to instruct Young Ladies in the several Branches of Female Education."

In 1803 mention is made in the treasurer's book of paying Miss Clarissa Bates for teaching in the Academy one year the sum of \$120.00 and \$10.00 for traveling expenses. Later on the names of Mrs. Emma Cole and Miss Sally Whitcher appear with the princely sum of \$3.00 per week and traveling expenses. In 1810, Miss Ruth Skeelee, the first girl born in Peacham, received the sum of \$2.50 per week, including board.

Up to the year 1803, the Trustees had received nothing for their services. At the annual meeting for that year they voted to pay each member one dollar per day and expenses, and that they should bring in their account for past services at the next annual meeting.

In 1804 the Board voted to make an addition to the Academy sufficiently large to accommodate those who wish to study the languages and the sciences, and that the expense be defrayed in part by an additional tax on the students of twenty-five cents each, to be paid at the commencement of each quarter. In 1805 it was voted that the tuition of scholars from other counties be the same as formerly, and that each scholar from this county shall pay fifty cents at the beginning of each quarter for the year ensuing. At the annual meeting, 1809, the Trustees passed this vote: "That the tuition for the year ensuing for the Inhabitants of the County be twelve and one-half cents per month. and for non-residents studying the lan-

guages seventy-five cents per month, and for English scholars fifty cents per month."

At the annual meeting held in 1812, "Voted that the Tuition to be paid by Scholars belonging to the County, for the year ensuing, shall be twenty-five cents for every six weeks, to be paid at the commencement of each term; and that Students in the Languages, and Females attending to Painting and Embroidery, belonging out of the county, shall pay seventy-five cents per month; and English Scholars, belonging out of the County, fifty cents per month."

In 1819, it was voted that each scholar in the county pay twenty-five cents every six weeks, and all others pay seventy-five cents for the languages and fifty cents for English. In 1820 the tuition was again changed. It was made \$1.50 for common English and \$2.00 for higher branches, but each scholar should pay for at least half a term. Scholars in and out of the county were put upon the same basis. In 1825 the tuition was lowered one-half, but the next year it was again raised to \$1.25 for higher studies, and \$1.00 for common English per quarter. Five years later it was again raised to \$1.50 and \$2.00. But an advancing civilization makes everything dearer and in 1833 the tuition was changed to \$3.00 for higher branches and \$2.00 for lower, per quarter.

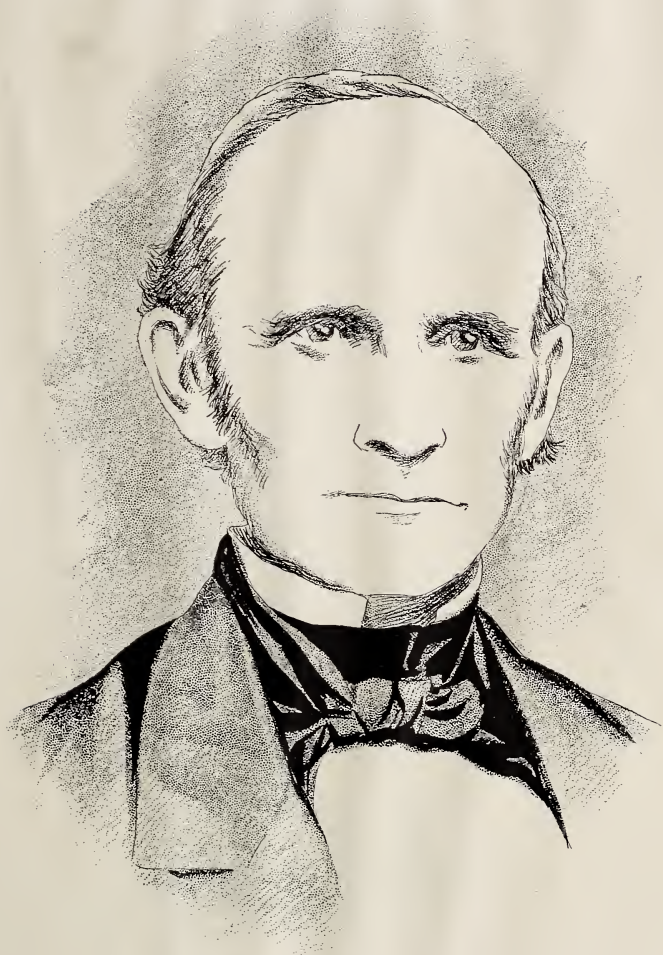
In 1842 the Board voted themselves \$1.50 per day and ten cents mileage, which is the sum at present. In process of time the tuition was raised to \$3.00 for common English and \$4.00 for higher studies. At last, in 1892, the highest figures were reached, namely, \$4.00 for the lower studies and \$5.00 for the higher. These are the figures at the present time, and they are considerably lower than in most schools.

There have been practically three different buildings during the one hundred years. Of the first building, enlarged at different times, I have already spoken.

As the school was nearing its half-century mark it experienced that "tired feeling," caused by so much useless climbing of Academy Hill. All contention between the two sides of the hill for advantage had ceased; the building was getting rheumatic and ill-adapted to its purpose, and, all assenting, it was determined to build a new edifice on this side of the hill, in the village. Again the town, as usual, came nobly to the rescue. The Trustees proposed to build a new house, provided the citizens would subscribe \$500. The money was raised without difficulty. After much shrewd manoeuvring on the part of the Board for a title to a site in the midst of the village the present excellent location was secured. The lot being too small, Gov. Mattocks donated a slice from his garden.

As nearly as I can ascertain from the secretary's book, the Trustees put in \$2,000 of their money and, after using the \$500 subscribed by the town, found themselves minus about \$400, which they managed in some way to pay.

The building was finished in 1843. It answered its pur-



REV. A. BOUTELLE

Secretary, 1851-1865





pose very well for forty-three years, enlarged, remodeled, refitted and refurnished at various times.

In outward appearance it was far more imposing than the present structure. The old scholars miss the handsome Doric pillars in front which gave the building a classic air.

Three years after the erection of this building occurred the celebration of the semi-centennial of the school. A brief minute which the Board directed the secretary to make, an "Order of Exercises" of the day, and a highly appropriate ode written by Oliver Johnson, the able associate of Garrison in the anti-slavery cause and the steadfast friend of this school and his native town, are all that remain of that occasion save what is treasured in the memories of our oldest inhabitants.

In 1885 it became necessary to repair this building. The Trustees disliked to use their capital for this purpose, but they saw no other way, and at their annual meeting in 1885 they voted \$250.

The day of the meeting Hon. John B. Gilfillan of Minneapolis, a former pupil, who has won fame in Congress and fortune in the West, happened to be in the village. Learning of the purpose to repair his old Academy, he desired to see the edifice. The secretary went over the building with him. He at once saw that \$250 was wholly inadequate to make the needed repairs. He offered to pay an additional \$250, provided the town would contribute a like sum. While Peacham, always ready to pay anything for her school, was fumbling for her pocketbook, Capt. Charles Stuart, a lively, breezy Westerner, a native of Barnet, happened along, and particular pains was taken to call his attention to the needs of the school. Upon looking the building over he condemned the whole structure, except the four granite stones supporting the pillars. He said he would give \$300, provided \$3,000 could be raised from any source. A meeting of the citizens was called, these propositions made known, and it was voted enthusiastically to accept Capt. Stuart's proposition. Dr. Ferdinand Blanchard, an expert in such matters, was selected to canvass the town. He soon succeeded in raising the sum of \$1,300 from Peacham, and immediate vicinity. Encouraged by this success a committee was appointed to prepare circulars in order to appeal to the alumni. It was the first appeal ever made to them, and the response was exceedingly generous and hearty. \$2,000 was speedily pledged. At a public meeting a committee was appointed to construct the best building they could with the money. Mr. Martin S. Hidden was chairman and, being a skilled mechanic, he was, by general consent, instructed to take sole charge of the work. By the middle of the fall term of 1886, Mr. Hidden had the house ready for occupancy. He kept a strict account of everything, always giving and taking receipts. If the same money could be expended more economically or judiciously, no one has yet discovered how.

Aside from the lands in the different towns of the county, granted by charter, the school has received but few funds dur-

ing its hundred years. Early in the century, Mr. James Orr of Barnet left as a legacy to the Academy a farm valued at \$1,000. In 1850 Dr. Josiah Shedd gave the institution good notes amounting to \$1,000. In his communication to the Trustees, bestowing the donation, he calls it a "semi-centennial gift."

His purpose was to increase the fund so that the school should be upon a "more independent and stable foundation." He says: "It is my intention that this donation shall not be expended, but remain a permanent fund, the interest only being annually expended." He further adds: "In all cases when there is a prospect that the number of scholars will require it, a competent female Teacher should be employed the whole time." The Board gave him a vote of thanks, which is the last record made in the secretary's book by Rev. David Merrill.

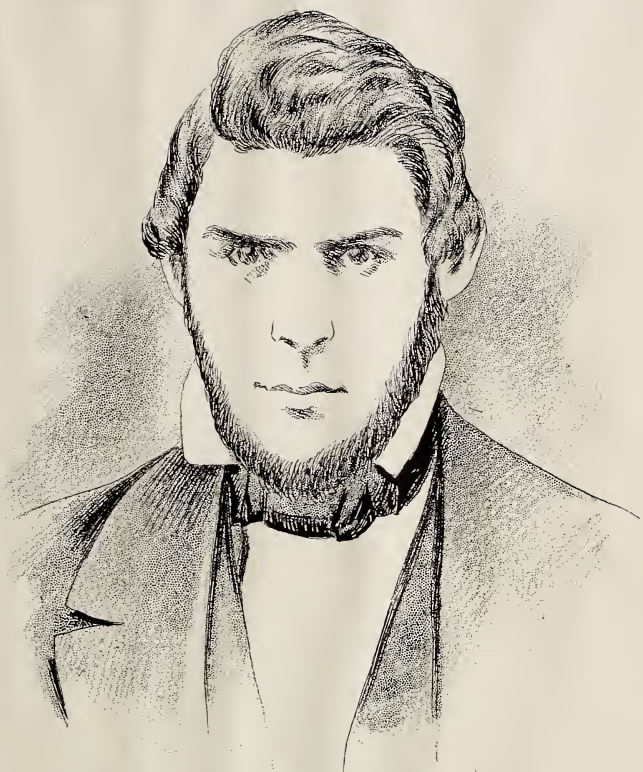
On his death Dr. Shedd increased his legacy to \$2,000 and his wife, Mrs. Lydia Shedd, daughter of Gen. Chamberlin, left the further sum of \$1,000, the interest only to be used in paying the tuition of indigent students.

Dr. Shedd and wife are well remembered by some of the older alumni, but there are many who do not realize their deep interest in this school, and how much is due to their forethought and generosity. Even dead, their works do follow them.

Thus, Alumni and friends, have I invited you to walk with me five times to-day down the century, that we might take a rapid survey together of the principal events that have transpired during this busiest, most progressive epoch.

First, we noticed the men who started the town on its career, and some of the results of their perseverance and far-seeing wisdom. Next, we took a survey of the Trustees as they have appeared upon the scene. In our third trip we glanced at the Preceptors as they passed in rapid review before us. Our fourth journey brought to our recollection the different Academy buildings in which human mind has been wrought upon in preparation for the world's after work, and our last walk disclosed the benefactors who gave of their substance to help on the good work. Let us make one more journey that we may take a farewell glance at some things that cause a smile when viewed in the broad light of this latter part of the 19th century, that we may witness the change of thought and ideas brought about in the lapse of one hundred years, and pay a little tribute to the school's greatest mental product.

The methods employed by the earlier Trustees for receiving pupils were often unique. Before the Academy was built they voted this: "All Inhabitants of the County of Caledonia shall be admitted as pupils, for the year ensuing, who are so far instructed in the English Language as to be capable of reading a sentence Intelligibly, so as to study English Grammar to advantage." As early as 1810, the Board voted that "No person shall be admitted who shall not have attained the



HON. T. S. PEARSON  
Principal, 1852-1856





age of eight years." The same year they voted that "No person shall be admitted to learn to write who cannot write a legible hand." It is very certain that the only two college men among the secretaries never could have been admitted under this ruling.

The Board were always desiring an exhibition, but the records show that they had the greatest difficulty in keeping the boys within the bounds of orthodoxy, for this same year we read this resolution: "Resolved that there shall be every year at the time of the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees an Exhibition in which the male scholars shall be the only performers, and that the pieces to be spoken shall be selected by the preceptor and submitted to the inspection of the prudential committee."

At another time they felt obliged to adopt the following rules:

"First—That no female character be admitted. Second—There are to be performances by candle light. Third—That at the Exhibition of the school in May the preceptor shall furnish the prudential committee with the Compositions intended to be exhibited, and no piece shall be exhibited which is not approved by them."

At another time the Board voted "that for the purpose of supporting Order and decency and defraying the expense attending Exhibitions No persons Shall be admitted except such as are specially invited by the Board without Tickets of admission, which shall be Delivered to Grown Male persons at 9d. each and for 4d. for females and Children."

A little later we notice another vote to the same import: "Voted that the Exhibition for the year ensuing be regulated so as to Exclude Tragedies, Comedies and other Theatrical Performances."

All these feverish votes and significant resolutions portended a great crisis impending. At an adjourned meeting of the Board, held Oct. 7, 1811, they immediately proceeded to the following business:

"Voted: First—That the Conduct of Moses Hall, Ephraim Elkins, Thaddeus Stevens, Samuel Merrill, Peter H. Shaw, Isaac Parker, Wilbur Fisk, David Gould, Thomas Weston, Hezekiah R. Cushing, Lyman Martin, Abel Walker and Abiel Hall, Pupils in the Academy, in refusing on the day of publik exhibition, being the 4th Day of September last, to proceed in their Exhibition in the day time while the Board were waiting to see their performance, was conduct highly reprehensible. And that their proceeding to exhibit a tragedy in the evening of said Day contrary to the known rules and Orders of the school and the express prohibition of the preceptor were a gross violation of the rules and bye laws of the institution, tending to subvert all order and subordination in said school and to disturb the peace of society, and that They be required to subscribe the following Submission, viz.: We, the Subscribers, Students in the Academy at

Peacham, having been concerned in the Exhibition of a Tragedy on the evening of the 4th of September, 1811, contrary to the known rules of the Board of Trustees. On reflection are convinced that we have done wrong in not paying a suitable respect to the authority of the board and hereby promise that as long as we continue students at this Academy we will observe such rules as the Board may prescribe."

All the miscreants signed this paper except Moses and Abiel Hall.

What became of those twelve students of the Caledonia County Grammar School concerning whose early discipline the Trustees were so careful and so faithful? Tradition says they all, or nearly all, turned out useful and worthy men. Some reached exalted station and one became our greatest alumnus, the pride and glory of the school. Remembering what human nature is, we may conjecture that the boys were chagrined by their humiliation, but not all showed it. Judge Parker certainly did not die early of a broken heart, for he lived to the age of ninety-two and furnished, in one of his boys, a trustee and president of the Board for many years. Abel Walker yet lives in his stalwart, worthy sons, who have always been an honor to Caledonia County. Dr. Fisk won world-wide fame as a great preacher and leader in the Methodist denomination. Hon. Samuel Merrill became an eminent lawyer in the West, and gave the name, Indianapolis, to one of our great inland cities.

David Gould became a man of prominence in the community in which he lived.

But Thaddeus Stevens, the ringleader of this refractory band of performers, took his humiliation less philosophically. Wilful, headstrong, he yielded only because he could do nothing else; but it was probably the last time his imperial will ever bowed to the will of man. Poor, lame, his only support his hardworking mother, his one overmastering, burning desire was to secure an education.

One day a fire occurred at school and burned up the books and hat of Stevens. Coming down the hill, bareheaded, he met one of the citizens whom his contemporaries called Jack Mattocks, but whom all positively call Gov. Mattocks. The General handed the boy ten dollars, saying: "Here, Thad, take this and buy some books and go to college without a hat."

He completed his fit, but never forgot his chagrin. I used to hear the older men of this town, who knew him well, say that after he reached national renown, although they often invited him, they never could get him back to Peacham to make a speech. Poor Thad! Even while he was undergoing the humiliating act of signing that paper in the presence of those hard-hearted, uncompromising Trustees, pledging himself never more to act a part in any tragedy in the Academy, there had already been decreed, in the mind and will of Omnipotence, one of the awfulest tragedies of human history, and in that tragedy Thaddeus Stevens was destined to act a leading part on a stage of which not America alone, but all the world, were to



HON. E. C. CHAMBERLAIN

Treasurer, 1856-1870





be spectators. After leaving college, as soon as he could earn his way, he prepared himself for the bar, and made the great state of Pennsylvania his home. In the political ground-swells of that State we finally see him in the Legislature.

His poverty, his early struggles, and his hard lot taught him to make his life work one constant, never-ceasing battle in behalf of the weak, down trodden and oppressed of every race and color. His career in the Legislature was at the time when Pennsylvania was in the formative state in regard to her educational system. Stevens at once espoused the cause of the youth and the public school.

With tireless, unflagging energy he wrought, day and night, to bring within the reach of all the boundless blessings of the free public school. The turning point had come. It was in the House of Representatives at Harrisburg. Everything looked as though the bill destroying the free school would pass. Stevens rose to make, perhaps, the greatest forensic effort of his life. He was forty-three years old, in the very prime of his majestic manhood. Soon every whisper was hushed in that great presence. Every eye was riveted upon the great orator. Every ear was strained to catch the slightest word that fell from the lips of the Caledonia County boy as the fires of his genius flashed forth while he pictured the measureless evils that would follow in the wake of ignorance and vice, and the boundless blessings that would follow in the train of the free school. It was as if Webster were pleading the cause of Dartmouth College, his cherished Alma Mater; or Burke were impeaching Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors in the great historic hall of William Rufus. He ceased, and before the vote was taken every one knew that the free school was secured to the great Keystone State, forever and forever. Thaddeus Stevens was now famous, but he was not yet thoroughly prepared for the great tragedy that was to open upon his native land.

True, David Chassell, D.D., and the Academy Lyceum here in Peacham, had done the intellectual part well, but there was yet a moral preparation which should fit him for the great part he was soon to take.

I have called him headstrong, wilful. He cared nothing for the conventionalities of life, nor did he consider whether his meat and drink would make his brother to offend. The Lord had to finish with him what the Trustees had failed wholly to accomplish.

There was in his neighborhood a society of young men, and Stevens was one of them, organized for personal enjoyment. They played cards and drank rum.

One night one of Stevens's companions got so much enjoyment into him that two associates had to take him home. He was so drunk that his helpers could not get him upstairs, and left him to sleep off his drunken stupor. When his wife came down in the morning she found her husband dead. Stevens was inexpressibly shocked. He took an axe and broke

in the head of every liquor cask in his cellar, and from that hour was a teetotaler.

1849 found our boy who could never again play in any tragedies, comedies and other theatrical parts by candle light here in Peacham, in the House of Representatives of the Thirty-first Congress. There were giants in those days in the American Congress. For nearly two decades he was associated with the greatest intellects this country has ever produced, always excepting the Revolutionary epoch.

There he met Webster, Clay, Calhoun, that great triumvirate. There he counseled with Chase, Hale, Hamlin, Seward, Sumner, Giddings, Garfield and Blaine. There he antagonized such men as Soulé, Stephens, Davis, Toombs and Cobb. He was the peer of them all, and he knew it. The North and the South were about to submit to the arbitrament of war the question of African slavery, which human argument could never settle. The tragedy was ready. The stage was ready. There being no Trustees to say him nay, Stevens was ready. The first shot fired in '61 upon the Stars and Stripes rang up the curtain. Stevens hated slavery with a hatred that verged on madness. All the years of his political life, yes, and his life in the Caledonia County Grammar School, had been fitting him for this crisis that was upon the country. While politicians and statesmen even were looking for a compromise, he was determined upon the extinction of slavery. Every arrow of ridicule, wit, sarcasm, or invective from his twanging bow was aimed straight at the throat of the black monster. From the first Stevens saw what many of the great leaders did not see, that the conflict would be protracted, desperate, bloody and prepared accordingly.

As chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, he wielded more influence, probably, than any other man in America. Every morning during those four redhot years of war and grief and blood, Congress watched to see what the "performance" of the great Commoner was to be. Every evening the daily papers were scanned, here in Peacham, by gray-haired men to see what the "performance" of their old schoolmate "Thad" had been the day before in Congress.

Knowing perfectly well that the war must be pushed with all vigor until slavery was uprooted from the land, he used the immense resources of the North to hurl upon the cohorts of treason and rebellion the mighty hosts of freedom until the power of the South was crushed and slavery destroyed at Appomattox.

Nor was the play ended even then. What a spectacle for gods and men to see the great Commoner, now an old, gray-headed man, feeble, tottering on the brink of the grave, drag the recreant Andrew Johnson from the highest position on earth to the bar of the American Senate, and there impeach him of high crimes and misdemeanors. His last part was to see the last three amendments to the Constitution practically as-



HON. C. O. THOMPSON  
Principal, 1859-1860, 1862-1864





sured. Then the curtain fell. The tragedy was ended. His life work done.

He has been called cruel and hard-hearted. It has been said that he forgot the companions of his youth. He has been called unsympathetic and ungrateful.

Thaddeus Stevens was no Puritan. I do not claim it; but a grateful nation freed from the curse of slavery, redeemed, blood-bought, long ago threw the mantle of charity over his faults.

Do you call him cruel and hard-hearted? His executor found \$100,000 in notes and accounts not to be collected, because his debtors needed the money more than he.

Do you say he forgot the companions of his youth? Visit the Peacham Juvenile Library Society, which he founded while a boy here in school, and endowed generously at his death, for your answer.

Do you say he was unsympathetic and ungrateful? Read the beautiful tribute he paid his mother. Witness the money he bestowed without stint upon her to gratify her every wish, and then visit that mother's grave on yonder hill, covered with "roses and other cheerful flowers," which her illustrious son out of his grateful filial heart has ordained to bloom perennially so long as Peacham has a corporate existence.

In a humble cemetery in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, because open to black men as well as white, he ordered his grave to be made, and in that grave over which no granite shaft can ever be erected firm enough to typify the solidity of his character, high enough to transcend his rugged virtues; around which no work of art fashioned by the cunning hand of man from purest gold can symbolize the boundless affluence of his life, reposes the mortal form of him who was and is the crowning glory of Caledonia County Grammar School.

Alumni, alumnae and friends:

I have thus tried to bring briefly before your minds a picture of the school, with its attendant circumstances, as it has accomplished its mission during, practically, the 19th century. It has been a grand work in the most glorious century of the world's history; a century which through art, science, literature, invention and Christianity has brought the human race nearer the image of God than any other.

In this beneficent work, this unpretentious school, with extremely limited means, has done fully its share. Her alumni and alumnae have been well to the front in every worthy cause. In Congress halls, in politics, in the pulpit, at the bar, on missionary fields, among the defenders of their country, in all the crowded walks of business, they have reflected glory and honor upon their Alma Mater.

Standing as we do to-day upon the threshold of the 20th century, it would be interesting, indeed, were we able to behold what *it* and the school will accomplish for mankind during the next hundred years. But we may not lift the veil. To-

day we can only say with another: "The past, at least, is secure."

After music by the Neapolitan Orchestra the following poem was read by Prof. H. D. Wild of Williams College:

#### CENTENNIAL POEM.

A night of stars on memory's lonely shore  
Brought songs to one who listened from afar.  
Sad parting songs, by youthful voices sung,  
Thus far together had they tasted life  
As life is at the first, and hand in hand  
Had wrought and loved. But now at length had come  
The time that tries the secret soul if it  
Be gold or dust. A sigh, a kiss, a pledge  
Of holy faith to shining purposes,  
And they had passed forever from the calm  
Where trusting youth enwraps itself with youth  
Into the stormy place of larger self,  
As streams that mass their joy through pleasant lands,  
Until wide ocean with its boisterous arms  
Breaks them to waves that break on distant shores.

But on the morn there came another song  
Across the waves, clearnoted, joyous now,  
With organ peal of action rising to  
The diapason of man's conscious strength,  
While suddenly o'er all there burst and swelled  
The chorus of reunion; and it seemed  
A song of Peacham, and its hills and streams.

O place of peace among the hills,  
Where brooks speak gently to the farms  
In stir of solitary mills,  
And vale to vale bends wooded arms,  
We greet thee, place of peace!

Thy rocks are stern, but rich the green  
That covers them. Strong are thy sons,  
But gloried with the softened mien  
Of books, whose culture overruns  
Thy longer history.

Yon cedar grove, where breezes cool  
Their panting breath, and August noons  
Rock lazily on sedgy pool  
In stolen couch of midnight moons,  
Thee, too, we know and love.

Thou mighty rock, from crag upturn  
And dropped in distant vale, a place  
Of childhood's play, deep waterworn  
To shelves and crevices, thy face  
All mossy-grown we greet

And yonder stern, tree-bristling peak,  
The view point of a forest's fame,  
Long may the heavenly breezes speak  
Sweet solace for its sulphurous name,  
Majestic Devil Hill.

And Harvey's pond, deep-watered gem  
That gleams to charm its mountain loves,  
May suns ne'er cease to shine on them,  
Or balsam winds like wings of doves  
In flight to touch its shores.

Thou, Old Academy, thy shrine  
We seek to-day. Thy learning's light  
Has shone for us, and now let shine  
To thee from us, serene and bright  
The flame of reverence.

And so to-day we celebrate the past  
And present; parting, union, a true growth;  
While over all the flash of memory  
Plays like the moment of the midday sun  
That lightens up the forest openings  
To fresher green, and in their foliage depths  
Warms all the tangles to a genial smile.  
Across the seas a queen crowns sixty years  
With homage and applause from all the world.  
Amid the quiet of a country town  
A hundred years have crowned another queen.  
No boom of guns from fairy-lighted ships,  
No tramp of armed men from farthest East  
Along the streets of centuries, no crowds  
To shout in every tongue, "Long live the queen."  
The world knows not. Yet our procession line  
Shall be as memorable, of those who left  
These doors to serve their home and land and God,  
To fight a noble fight, and not for life  
To lose the grounds of living. Peace of woods  
And mountain winds shall silent blessings breathe  
As here we crown our venerable queen.

What changes hast thou seen within these years,  
Born sister to a nation's liberty!  
Wide sweeps of forest turned to fertile farms,  
The river's roar outnoised by factories,  
The red man's trail outtrodden into roads,  
Until at last the steam lived in the iron  
And sent it on to touch the Western coast,  
Making a place of hope of unknown lands.  
And even as New England's hard-raised wheat  
Has multiplied on plains of Washington,



So that clear thought that gave thee origin  
Has spread in harvest of a thousand schools.  
And thou hast seen the eager world move on,  
Until in all the clash of destiny  
One land, thy land, outgrows its infancy  
And stands with ancient England, eye to eye,  
And proudly smiles at war-spiked Germany.  
Republics rise and fall, and yet these walls  
Hear quiet, hourly classes as of yore,  
And even while the star of Greece declines  
Declensions here are still of ancient Greek.  
Yet, though the world be elsewhere wholly mad,  
In still redemption places it is sane;  
And peaceful learning sources such as this  
Send freshening breezes to earth's vilest air  
In shape of mighty souls, the foes of wrong,  
Who first learned here to think and feel their way  
To truth and righteousness and liberty.

I saw in vision a fair Western land,  
And groups of youths that seemed to gather flowers,  
Some thoughtlessly, some earnestly, but all  
With joy; One wore the golden rod of wealth  
Until it drooped. Another plucked a rose  
And said, "This shall be fame;" but soon it passed.  
A lily on one's bosom spoke of love,  
And he beheld no other flower save this.  
But, looking soon, I saw no lily, but  
A face of tears. Yet one there was in all  
Whose face was bright with learning's keen desire,  
And, walking there, he seemed proprietor,  
And he alone. Pausing before each bloom  
He drank in all its beauty, scent and form,  
And marked its coloring and tracery  
The golden-rod was blessing him with wealth  
Although he plucked it not. The rose was his  
But faded not. The lily's love was his,  
Without the tears; and when he passed the gate  
I followed him and saw a man whose face  
Shone with the light of knowledge, and his skirts  
Were scented with the rich perfume of all  
The flowers. So passed he out into the world.

Academy of years! Thy life work this,  
To set a mental goal beyond the earth,  
And shed the light of culture over all,  
That indefinable rich air of thought,  
Of better feeling and of keener sight  
That makes life joy and man almost a God!

Beloved Academy! No shining word  
Befits thy century's fame. The heart



REV. LYMAN WATTS  
Principal, 1860-1862



Would breathe unspoken tribute and unheard  
By all save thee. Of this a part  
Be memory of happy student days;  
A part be faith in future years;  
But more than all and deeper be the praise  
We give thy struggles, hopes and fears.  
Calm is thy history as meadow-stream  
That opens slowly from its source  
Through widening, greener fields to break in gleam  
At last in some still water-course.  
But thou hast fructified thy town and state,  
And many a one at thy release  
Has made his distant way with step elate  
To spread the lessons of thy peace.

Thou, dear Academy, e'en though unchanged,  
Go on. The light that now fulfills  
A hundred years of hope shall still undimmed  
Reflect afar from Peacham's hills.

After this poem an adjournment was made till 2 o'clock  
p. m.

#### AFTERNOON.

Before the afternoon toasts the morning programme was  
finished, which included a selection by the Sherman Orchestra  
and a paper by Principal C. H. Cambridge, presenting

#### THE PRESENT CONDITION AND THE FUTURE PROS- PECTS OF THE SCHOOL.

Many things have changed and are changing still, both in  
methods of private school work in general and in the relation  
of this school to its constituents, things too well known to  
be more than referred to.

In place of a room for recitations only, with the students  
lodged at random about the village, the modern private school  
follows the dormitory system, bringing its pupils into that con-  
stant and intimate relation with each other and with their  
teachers which is expected to develop the moral character as  
it is done in the best home life.

With so many academies and high schools established in  
neighboring towns, this has become largely a local school, draw-  
ing its pupils from Peacham and those nearby towns which  
do not lie upon a railroad. Its number of pupils remains al-  
most the same from year to year.

These things being so, what are the future prospects of the  
school? That the school has fewer pupils than it had 40 years  
ago; that they no longer come from distant places, seems to  
me referable to changed conditions outside the town and out-  
side the school, and by no means matter for discouragement.  
That a school or college should always be growing in number



of pupils; that every Freshman class should be "the largest ever entered," is not at all necessary to its continued success. If this school was once more to draw its pupils from distant counties and states it must change wholly its traditions and equipment, build a dormitory, and gather its pupils into a family. A boarding school which takes day pupils is trying to harmonize different and opposing systems. This State does not lack good boarding schools, and if I had the power I would not add another to their number. I believe the school does not need to look all abroad for its field, but that the one where it is placed is enough for honor and for use. If it can assure to every boy and girl within the circle of its present influence the opportunity for as wide a training as the times demand, no school has a brighter prospect.

The average public high school is made up, like the manufacturing town where it is situated, of various nationalities, and while not all its best pupils are of New England stock, it is not reasonable to expect appreciation of knowledge, readiness of apprehension, or that fund of home culture which is the best foundation for good school work, among children none of whose ancestors could read and write.

If a boy is bound to go into the shop or mill, and is kept in school only by parental force, his life there is not likely to be of benefit to himself or without serious discomfort to his teacher.

If one might have a school in all ways just what he would like it, what would he seek? First, that the pupils should have good natural ability, so that dunces were few. Then that they should have a mind to work, so that their own energy might be directed to learning instead of mischief, and the energy of their teachers be expended in teaching, and not in nervous worry over efforts to keep order and secure attention.

Now, in my opinion and that of Miss Dimond, we have found a close approach to the ideal school. Not all our pupils are intellectual wonders, and not all of them are absolutely devoted to study, but from our previous experience and from the comments of those to whom we have described the work of the school we believe no boys and girls can be found more apt to learn, more attentive or more well disposed than those we have had under our charge during the past two years. In such a body of students, and in the certainty of its constant renewal from like sources, lies hope enough for the future prospects of the school.

The business of educating boys and girls is like any other business in this respect. You need an equipment, modern machinery and raw material near at hand. The material of scholarship and of future honor is ever growing up in the children of this town. But just as lack of capital may cripple a manufacturing business, so the Academy lacks money to do its work in the best way as other schools are doing theirs. Every school and college lacks money, and would, though all the



HON. C. A. BUNKER  
Principal, 1867-1895



wealth of Klondike were poured into it. Any one familiar with the school can see certain directions in which its usefulness to the community and to the future might be increased.

The purchase of school books is a serious charge upon pupils of slender means. Now that the public schools of the State are provided with free books the Academy is at a disadvantage. Often pupils will not take studies because a new book must be bought, and various and differing editions of the same book lead to confusion. If we had a fund of two or three hundred dollars, books might be provided by the school, and a small term charge on each book would replace it when worn out, thus keeping the fund intact. One academy in this State has long had such a fund, and its usefulness is constant and evident.

The lack of a physical laboratory greatly hampers our work. At present we cannot fit pupils for college in the course without Greek, where a definite amount of laboratory work is required, and the note book of the pupil is demanded as evidence of the practical nature of such work.

There is no study more fascinating or more serviceable than physics when properly taught, none more dry and lifeless both for teacher and pupil than text book recitations of how things behave. Four or five hundred dollars is very much needed for apparatus. With a horseradish bottle and a test tube all chemical work may be done, and we get along well enough in that subject, but the electrical apparatus which was ample in 1797 is somewhat inadequate to-day. It is a discouraging and impossible task to teach physics without apparatus.

There is no need of saying anything about the importance of a gymnasium and of systematic bodily training. Our pupils do not, many of them, lack exercise in various directions, but they do lack in Winter time an outlet for surplus energy since the ancient sport of sliding down hill is utterly closed to them. A small sum of money would go far here.

An inadequate teaching force is our chief hindrance. That ancient person who said, "I have taken all knowledge for my province," probably taught in some academy of his time, and was called upon to give in rapid succession instruction in a dozen different and unrelated subjects. Things have changed since his day. It is only now and then a person knows everything well enough to teach it. With the number of pupils we have we ought, in justice to them, to have another teacher, to make our recitation periods longer, and to give each teacher fewer subjects.

New England is covered with dead academies, flourishing once during the life of one or two good teachers, dying lingering deaths because there was nothing back of them but glory. They became training places for young collegians, who taught a year for experience and their board and clothes and then went elsewhere to earn some money.

I am very tired of hearing the decadence of this town and



school spoken of by outsiders gently and sadly, as one mentions the virtues of some moribund great-grandmother.

"Let children hear the mighty deeds their fathers wrought of old." Let them consider also how best to have some deeds of their own talked of in their turn.

I regret that I could find no way to present to you any future prospect of the school that did not depend on an increase of money.

There is less need of apology on this occasion than usual. Such a body of friends as this school possesses will not see it crippled.

It was my task to set before you the hopes and the needs of the Academy. Its needs are numerous enough, not so vast that some of them may not be met. As long as this lovely land sends up its sons and daughters to the ancient school, its hopes are great.

#### M. E. M'CLARY'S REMARKS.

M. E. McClary of Malone, N. Y., was the toastmaster of the afternoon, and his introductory remarks were:  
Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends of Our Academy:

To have been asked to act as Toastmaster or pacemaker at this banquet, is a delightful honor and one for which I am surely grateful.

We have met to pay honor to an academy and a town. For many years these two have had our love and respect, and to-day we offer to the dear old school, a crown decked with a hundred laurels, and beaming with the love of a thousand hearts.

I feel that it is good for us to be here; to again grasp the hand that a few years ago was held in friendship, and with a keen enjoyment of the present, to recall the past and to bespeak a glorious future.

Thirty years ago, Peacham was to me the "Promised Land," and when, after a couple of years, I crossed the Jordan, I found the milk and honey, and if my memory serves me, I saw one or two of the Giants. As to the Grapes, the feelings of others who are present to-day keep me silent.

For four years, Peacham was my home, and about the home of Col. Jacob Blanchard are clustered the dearest memories of my boyhood. It seems to me that I know every rod of land in town. It would fill me with pride to speak of the glory I won on the Mountain, at Green Bay and Peacham Hollow, as an embryo keeper of schools, but it would not avail me, for surely some urchin must be here who would rise up and call me down.

It is, however, proper, that to-day I should give this tribute to Peacham Academy and Charles A. Bunker.

If I have ever had any true success as a teacher during fourteen years of work in that line, I owe it first to Charles A. Bunker and my training in the Teachers' Class at Peacham Academy.



MRS. ELSIE MERRILL

1873-1882



A quarter of a century, and yet it seems only a day, since together with some of you who are here now, we choose sides in that parting class, played baseball till the bell stopped ringing; kept steady hours because we had to, and went home with the girls from the lyceum, except sometimes when for reasons better known to Mary than to me, we didn't.

Friends, talk about juries and clients, verdicts and fees, but they are not in it with our school days at Old Peacham.

But I forgot that my pleasure to-day is not to speak, but to toast, or roast those who do, and I ask you to join with me in enjoying the feast that our friends have provided.

Wherever under the Eastern or Western sun, Englishmen gather, the first toast is to "The Queen," and in that is voiced English pride, English power, English love as well as English majesty. As our first toast, I give you to-day,

### OUR COUNTRY.

The Land of Intellectual Freedom. Born in the throes of battle; its mission, peace; and I ask you to respond by standing and giving three cheers for the flag that stands for a nation for which our fathers died, and which we, their children, love. (Cheers.)

We have with us to-day a gentleman whom Vermont has delighted to honor; one whose name has been closely connected with this Academy and the work for which it stands. It is not *limited* to-day, but can open the *throttle*, put on *full steam* and break the *record*.

### OUR GREEN MOUNTAIN STATE.

No brighter star upon our Country's flag,  
Shines for us all, wher'er we roam,  
No son who blushes to own his birth,  
We love thee still, our own dear home.

Hon. Charles J. Bell.

### VERMONT, OUR GREEN MOUNTAIN STATE.

It is a name to which her native-born sons and daughters are ever loyal and true.

It is only a few square miles of green mountains, rugged hills, fertile valleys, sparkling lakes and rippling brooks, that cost the blood of many of the sons of her adoption to become an independent state in this Union, and in that struggle for independence she won for herself a name that is written in letters of gold upon the pages of our nation's history.

It is a State so small in area, that if in the larger States, would hardly be considered more than a township. Yet from her timbered hills and fertile soil she has produced ample means to build for herself tasty and comfortable farm houses, large and warm barns for the cattle, and scattered along her



valleys are many pleasant hamlets, with here and there a busy manufacturing city. She has given liberally of her means to send the Gospel to the heathen world, and has given with an unstinted hand and in many instances to the last dollar to boom sections of the country in other parts of the United States that would not have sold for a sheep pasture at home.

It is a State rich in agricultural and mineral wealth. She equals any in her product per acre of hay, corn and potatoes, upon her hillside pastures are quietly grazing the dairy cow which produces the sweetest of milk and butter that is always in demand. She can boast of the largest butter manufactory the world ever knew, in the busy part of the season making nearly 23,000 pounds per day. Her maple sugar product has a flavor no other State can produce, and in quantity she exceeds the best, producing nearly one-half of all manufactured in the United States outside of the cities of New York and Chicago, where they have no maple trees. Her mountains are rich in marble, granite, copper and slate; her gold lies nearer the surface than in most other States.

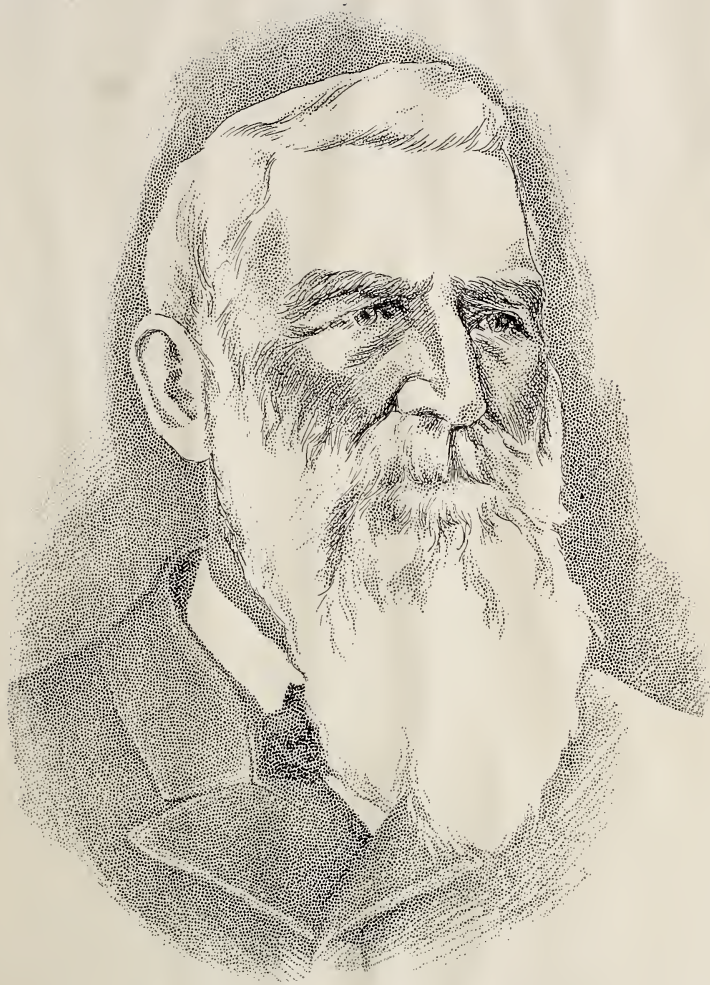
Vermont is a State whose beautiful scenery the brush of the painter can not imagine. With a climate that is not surpassed, there is no state in the Union whose summer sun shines any brighter, or the wintry winds blow much fiercer. A climate so healthgiving, if it were not for the seashore summer resorts and the \$1,000,000 worth of patent medicines manufactured and largely consumed, every inhabitant would be expected to reach the allotted three score years and ten.

Vermont, a paradise nine months in the year, and the other three as distant from that place where the wicked go (if one may judge by the thermometer) as is the North Pole from the Equator.

Vermont, a State when our nation was in peril gave of her wealth and her sons loyally and freely, that our flag, the emblem of Union and Liberty, might wave from every quarter of this glorious Union, and her citizen soldiers maintained the record of her Green Mountain boys of old, and were ever found at the post of duty, and thousands laid down their lives that this nation might continue to be the grandest nation upon the face of the earth, a nation of God-fearing, liberty-loving people.

Vermont has upon her hillsides and in her valleys scattered all about among the mountains that which gives her a name and fame among the people of the earth, that which leads to Christianity and loyalty, that which gives character and stability to her people, that which is the secret of her prosperity and good citizenship, is the rural homes of her people.

Vermont is called an agricultural State, yet there is one crop, not exactly a farm crop, that is always fresh and in good order, which should be considered her chief product. It is a crop worthy our careful and prayerful attention, neither hard times nor the tariff can diminish its size, beauty or activity.



DR. L. F. PARKER  
President, 1884-1892



We can care for it so that the drought of summer or the frosts of winter do not retard its growth. It is a product congenial to our soil and climate, it will thrive as well on the hillside as in the valley, it matters not whether the land cants toward the north or toward the south. It is a product in demand all the year round, and sought for by the world at large. There is no danger of an overproduction or a decrease in value; it is never out of date or behind the times, it is always on the move and ready for any emergency. It is a product that needs pure air, sunshine, lots of exercise and good influences. I refer to the Vermont boys and girls, chiefly those educated at the Caledonia County Grammar School.

Vermont, a State which all her sons and daughters, whether by birth or education, learn to love and cherish.

A State that has sent out into the world more great men and Christian women to the square acre than any other spot upon God's footstool.

A State that has yet within its limits sufficient Presidential timber to run this Government for the next century.

Vermont, a State proud to be born in, a State delightful to live in, a State whose hillside homes lie so near the boundary of the skies it must be a joyous State to die in.

That one was born in Vermont, long ago became a passport with St. Peter. To live in Caledonia County means a reserved seat, while to live in Barnet avoids Purgatory, on *general principles*.

## CALEDONIA COUNTY.

SPEECH OF CHARLES A. CHOATE.

I think you will all agree with me when I say it is not the name that makes the man, but the man that makes the name a power for good or evil, famous in business affairs, illustrious as a statesman and philosopher, renowned as a soldier; or that lifts him head and shoulders above his fellowmen during his earthly career, and that keeps his memory green after he himself has been called to his long home.

That this is so one illustration will prove conclusively.

Take the name of George Washington, which has been applied so indiscriminately to embryo Americans before and since his decease. His name, so illustrious, has lifted them just so far, and no farther, toward fame and fortune as a man could lift himself by tugging at his boot-straps; and so far as they are concerned has signally failed to make one hair either white or black.

But what, you ask, has this to do with Caledonia County?

Much every way, as I shall endeavor to show.

Caledonia County, in so far as her natural resources are concerned, the number of acres it contains, the character of its soil, the amount of land and water, differs not essentially from other counties in this our beloved State, and it is not of these we would speak to-day. But of the men and women who



in Caledonia County during these last one hundred years have lived and loved, have wrought and died, and, in many instances, whose "sepulchers are with us unto this day," together with her many sons and daughters who are still with us, as have gone out from us, and are helping to do the world's work to-day, of these we would speak at this time. And to those who have gone before we would bring our meed of praise and grateful remembrance for the work done by them, the fruits of whose labors so many have been permitted to enjoy.

It is what these men and women have done, it is the service they have rendered in their day and generation that makes it an honor to stand and speak for Caledonia County to-day.

But what, you ask, has been done that the name of Caledonia County should be written high on the scroll of fame, and be held in grateful remembrance by all who have sojourned for a time within her borders, or who claim her as their birth-place and for a longer or shorter period as their home?

I might speak for an hour of the many things that have been done of which we may well be proud.

In morals, in religion, in all that tends to make the world better, her voice has been ever heard with no uncertain sound.

But the one thing that stands out pre-eminently to-day above all others, and which we meet here to celebrate, is the fact that here was born and has lived for one hundred years Caledonia County Grammar School.

To have been the birthplace and the dwelling place for a century of an institution such as this has been, entitles her to the profound respect and lasting gratitude of the thousands who have shared in the benefits she has so abundantly bestowed.

Who shall sum up, compute, or estimate, the priceless value of the work done here during these one hundred years?

And how eminently fitting that we, who have drunk of the streams that have flowed so freely and constantly here during these years, should assemble here to-day, and by voice and presence testify to the abundant worth of the work done here in the past, and bid her Godspeed for the future. The apostle Paul says, "I write unto you young men because ye are strong." When I think of the strong young men who have gone forth from Caledonia County, made stronger by their sojourn here, better fitted for their life work, and to assume the cares and responsibilities we are all called upon to bear—and such nice girls as have gone forth and still remain in Caledonia County—when I think of these language fails me, and I can only exclaim that in my opinion the world has never seen the like.

But what of the future of Caledonia County? To this I would reply that to chant her pæons of praise, which she so richly deserves, and paint in glowing colors the brilliant future we all hope she may enjoy, I leave to abler tongues than mine.



HON. G. P. BLAIR  
Secretary and Treasurer, 1884



But I think I voice the wish of all present here to-day when I say, may her influence for good, for intelligence, for virtue, for godliness, for all that tends to uplift and elevate mankind, be greatly enlarged as the years go by; and may she long continue to sow good seed on good ground that shall spring up and bear fruit, some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold.

The typical New England parson of a century ago was supposed to carry upon his countenance a suggestion of Hades. To-day, a pleasant smile isn't considered a compromise with Satan.

The modern parson advertises the best of his goods and not the most worthless. A century ago he could sail through to forty-ninthly without striking shoals, while to-day he will hear breakers at thirdly. I shall call upon a good sample of the modern Dominie to respond to our next toast, "Old Peacham." Built upon a fair New England hillside, she lifted high a torch whose benignant rays have for a century been seen and felt in every State in this broad land.

### OLD PEACHAM.

ADDRESS BY REV. S. S. MARTYN.

I have been deeply stirred while listening to the eloquent tributes paid to this favored spot and its old academy, where I had my former pastorate and also sustained close personal relations as a trustee. Feelings of love and pride rush over me at the remembrance of all that the past has been here, and as I rise to add my word of tribute in response to the call upon me, I seem as if once more standing among my own flock. Many forms are not here that I once knew, yet methinks I see them mingling with us, and still moving in and out among these familiar haunts. "*Old Peacham!*" and its institution of learning is fitly likened to a benignant torch lighted upon a fair New England hillside.

In describing the New England schoolhouse, James Russell Lowell has called it an original kind of fortification invented by the New England fathers. Their great discovery, since they were the first law givers to clearly see and practically enforce the great truth that knowledge is not an alms, but a sacred trust willed by the Commonwealth to every one of her children. The torch as lighted upon this lofty hillside was the beacon light on one of these fortifications. It was lighted not in a valley where its rays might be lost amid fog and mist, but on one of nature's watch towers—Old Peacham Hill—that the mountains rising in the distance away might catch these rays and flash them forth again on every hand. I have often thought as I have looked out from these fair surroundings upon Mt. Washington and Lafayette and Jefferson and all the White Mountain range, looming up in lofty might, that God had indeed placed Peacham in a most favored setting,



as a spot foreordained for high and noble things, and for giving forth to others of His own truth. And I cannot but think that the fathers and mothers had something of the same feeling when they instituted here a hundred years ago their church, and then followed it with this honored academy, which has sent out into the world so many worthy representatives and notable citizens.

There are grand missions, statescraft, leadership, discovery, freedom, revolution, and even war in some holy cause. But there are missions also in quieter walks; and that of this town was one of these, special and God given, to raise up worthy men and women and help mold them for freedom, industry, and truth. Old Peacham raised *men*; and her academy seasoned them and made them ready for work. "The latest gospel in this world," says Carlyle, "is know thy work and do it." The New England pioneers from the first made that a portion of their gospel in Jesus, and early set the running brook to the music of honest labor, and the household to the hum of the spinning wheel. They brought hither to these hills the same unremitting toil, and then turned their attention to godly and educated men and women as the richest investment they could make. It might all be plain, homely, severe; yet it was human limitations and infirmities becoming transformed into larger faith, and character taking on corresponding worth and strength. This was Peacham's mission, and worthily did she meet it.

Then came the varied missions in the world outside, with the master spirits that here went forth to fill them. Worthy women also have added their luster to the light that has sped its way from this old town. What missionaries among them have gone forth, by the score and over, in home and foreign fields alike! Think of it; what a record of honor for both town and academy—daughters going out by scores as heralds of the Cross and pioneers of Christian civilization!

It is truly a pleasant past which thus holds us in our gathering. Yet I am persuaded that it is equally a living reality which fills us. The conditions attending those early days may have changed; but there are still living problems before us of social progress and development, of a broader brotherhood, of finance more closely joined with morals, and of a purer and nobler living. And this school still has its place as a power right here among these farms and homes in helping prepare for these problems. It is needed and still asks our loyalty and support.

I stood during a summer jaunt in Franconia Notch, looking up at the most wonderful sculpture work of nature, the Old Man of the Mountain, chiseled in stern and rugged contour upon the mountain's edge, as if God had stampel His own lineaments, unchanging and eternal, upon the very rocks above, and had chosen the human face as the type. So the life made fast in eternal foundations is the type of enduring



HON. CLOUD HARVEY

President, 1892



power and grandeur. Those foundations yet endure, imbedded in eternal righteousness and truth. To aid in endowing with the might of that righteousness and in guiding to that truth was this torch of learning lighted by the fathers and mothers here a century ago, and its rays, burning still, illumine hill-tops and vale, and reveal the forms of stalwart sons and fair daughters trained to honor learning, love God and obey truth.

Long live Old Peacham—old in worth and years, but young in spirit; as her hills, grown hoary with age, yet stand clothed afresh from year to year in living green.

One of the pleasures of the day was the response of Rev. Moses M. Martin, D. D., of Ann Arbor, Mich., to the toast, "In the Early Fifties."

#### IN THE FIFTIES.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen—The story is told of a good lady who went with her boy, ten years old, to the railway station to take the train. She did not wish to take the 12.50 train, for if she attempted to take the 12.50 train she was liable to get left, as it would be ten to one if she caught it. So she inquires of the station agent the time of the next one.

It seems that the agent had a very peculiar twist to his mouth when he talked.

He told the good lady, with that peculiar twist, that the next train left at half-past one.

"Thank you," she said, and went to her seat.

In a few moments she went again to the gentlemanly agent and said: "Excuse me, but what time did you say the next train leaves?" "Half-past one, madam, half-past one."

"Thank you," she said, and went to her seat again.

But it was not long before she again went to the ticket window and repeated her question.

A little annoyed, but still very gentlemanly, as such agents always are, he said:

"Half-past one, madam, half-past one. Half-past one," the last words with a very decided emphasis.

The good lady then explained, for she was a very good lady.

"I did not ask this question," she said, "because I did not understand the first time. But my little boy likes to see your mouth go. I did it to gratify him."

Now, Mr. Toastmaster, my name is not on this programme. It is not expected or desired that I should say anything, as the time is far spent; but some of my old friends here have a curiosity to see whether "my mouth will go" any better than it did thirty years ago, when we were here at school, translating Latin and Greeek, or demonstrating problems in mathematics. For then I was like Moses of old, "slow of speech."

I can say to them that I have not changed, so they will not be like the boy at the station, delighted to see my "mouth go."



But this thought comes to mind to-day. What has brought this audience of fifteen hundred people together?

We often hear it said of this or that thing: "Oh, that is nothing but sentiment." But sentiment is a great controlling force in this world. It is right that it should be. It is sentiment that has brought together this great audience from the four points of the compass this afternoon.

Some one has said "sentiment rules the world." "It is less than thought and more than feeling. It is thought flooded with feeling." And one great philosopher says that reason and sentiment coincide in the consideration of questions concerning morality and religion.

At any rate it is sentiment in its highest exhibition which has brought us together to-day.

Our thoughts are flooded with feelings which we are not able to put into words even if there were time.

But the "sentiment" to which I was to respond was "In the Fifties."

Now, my dear Alumni friends, I have no disposition to discount the years of the century which went before, or that followed the "fifties." But the boys and girls who were in this academy in the fifties were not responsible for occupying the most responsible position of all the century. We are said to be free moral agents, but that agency does not apply to the time of our coming into this world.

Carlyle says, in substance, I have not his words, that there is a time in the history of every man and every nation that may be called "the dawn of a crisis."

In the "fifties" this country was in "the dawn of a crisis," and the most important crisis in its history. Please hold that thought for a moment.

Emerson says: "The prosperity of a people does not depend upon the census or the size of its cities, or the crops, but upon the kind of men and women the country turns out."

He says also that "the destiny of a country at any given time depends upon the opinions of the young men under twenty-five years of age."

Please hold this thought also for a moment.

Professor Phelps says that in every decisive battle, all of the great generals from Julius Caesar to Grant have made the assertion that in the moment of crisis he who seized the ridge won the field. If Carlyle and Emerson and Phelps are correct, it is plain that the boys and girls of the fifties occupied the most important position of all the century. The crisis was near; the boys and girls of our time were under twenty-five years of age, and they had opinions. These opinions prevailed. backed by valor on the part of those who held them. They seized the *ridge* and won the field; and thus changed not only the history of the country, but the world.

The chain of every slave in the South was broken, and every crowned head in Europe and the world holds his scepter



PROFESSOR C. H. CAMBRIDGE

1895



with a looser grasp on account of what the boys and girls of the "fifties" did.

But for the accomplishment of such results there is always a special and providential preparation. The Ruler of this world is always ready for an emergency. He knows the hour. He has His men ready. And when the hour comes He says to his men, and women, too: "Stand in your place. Move at my command. And I am with you."

Preparation had been made in two distinct lines *before and during* the fifties. The farm and kitchen were schools of *physical* culture before the "fifties" were ushered in.

And during the "fifties" here in this academy there was an intellectual and moral training which fitted the boys and girls of our time, for their part in the crisis which was so near.

The world may never know how much that wonderful debating society had to do with the results of that terrible conflict.

If you could have been there on a certain evening you would have been reminded of the Webster and Haine contest at Washington more than fifty years ago. The question was whether Vermont was justifiable in the double part she played before 1791 when she was harassed by New York on the west, the New Hampshire grants on the east and Canada on the north, and when Congress would not receive her into the Union.

The speeches of that evening never will be produced. And it is sad that the world must forever be poorer because they cannot be.

But I know on which side I was. I stood for the Green Mountain State. And notwithstanding the eloquence of Harri-man and Gilfillian, Vermont has had a good reputation in this glorious Union ever since.

The speeches which we heard on this platform yesterday afternoon attest that Vermont easily stands first in the galaxy of stars.

The results of these two lines of preparation for the great crisis are well known and need not be recounted here. The boys went to the war, and girls were equally brave in their own sphere. In fact they were the greater sufferers. Mrs. Browning has beautifully expressed and explained how this is true. She says:

"Heroic males the country bears,  
But daughters give up more than sons.  
Flags wave, drums beat, and unawares  
You flash your souls out with the guns  
And take your heaven at once.

"But *we* empty heart and home  
"But *we* empty heart and home



Of life's light love,  
We bear to think you're gone,  
To think you may not come  
To hear the door-latch stir and clink—  
Yet no more you—nor sink."

Not for any special merit in them, perhaps, but providentially, the boys and girls of the "fifties" were upon the stage at the great crisis in our country. They seized the ridge of destiny, turned the tide and changed the history of the world. We only hope the friends here to-day will recognize the fact and that credit will be given where credit is due, even though we are not counted with the two hundred and seventy that rose in this tent this morning.

They *have* and *will* accomplish much, and with good reason.

They stood on the shoulders of giants.

I think four of my five minutes are up. I would like to use the other minute in telling a little story for two reasons. (1) To rest the audience. (2) The story has a moral. It may not be new, but Mr. Gladstone says "Things that are *new* are not always *true*. And things that are *true* are not always *new*."

At any rate, out in Michigan we have decided that it is proper to tell a story so long as there is one in the audience who has not heard it. I think there is one young man in this audience who has not heard this story, but for the sake of his future ought to hear it.

In fact, one young man told me in my parlor in Michigan that if he had heard that story two months before it would have been his salvation.

The story is this: It is *said*, though of course, it is not true, that the milkman sometimes utilizes the pump to increase his quarts, which are worth to him a nickel apiece. Though this is a slander on the milk man, it does not change the point of the story. In dipping the water for his milk (this man used the spring instead of the pump) he accidentally got two little frogs. In placing his milk for the night, two glass jars had a frog apiece in them. They did not find this a comfortable position and tried to escape, which was, of course, quite impossible. One said, as he beat his head against the walls of the jar, "There's no use trying," and he sinks to the bottom and dies. The other said, "I will keep kicking, anyhow." And he did. Next morning when the good man opened the first jar he found a dead frog at the bottom. In the other he found a frog sitting on a nice little ball of butter. Kicking churned the milk. He not only saved his own life, but he had the butter besides, as the milkman gave him this batch of butter for churning it.

Moral No. 1. Young man, keep a kicking. Moral No. 2. Peacham Academy, keep a kicking, and you may find yourself sitting on a larger ball of butter than you have ever seen in all

the century past. Indeed, it is rumored that a batch of cream is already in the churn, and that the butter is "*coming*" before this session closes this afternoon.

Dash! Splash! And be sure to turn the crank!

Give all credit to the two hundred and seventy, but don't forget the "fifties."

It is related that a speaker once on a time, in addressing a Sunday school, told the story of two boys who grew up from childhood together, one good and the other bad. The details were beautiful and harrowing. At the conclusion he asked the conundrum, "Can any of you boys tell me what became of the bad boy?" One urchin who had been there before and knew a good thing when he saw it, answered, "He stands before us to-day." Now, I'll not tell the story again, and not take any chances, but *call upon him* to stand before you to-day.

### IN DAYS OF OLD.

REMARKS OF A. H. KENERSON.

Mr. Toastmaster and Friends of Peacham Academy—"Modesty is the best policy." Did you ever hear of the fellow who ordered chicken and claret for his lunch? He had to call his waiter back. "Waiter," said he, "you have made a mistake. I ordered broiled spring chicken and 1857 claret, but you have brought me 1857 chicken and spring claret."

Now, my friends, I think your head waiter (I believe you call him toastmaster) has made a similar mistake. Not long ago my attention was called to a little child and the remark was made: "You know that child?" "No." "Well you ought to; for its grandmother went to school to you."

Now, while I am forced by such an incident to recognize that I am not a spring chicken, I still feel that the response to the toast "The Days of Old" should come from the lips of an older man. I thought at once of Abel Walker, Esquire Hale, Col. Blanchard, but they are gone and others have become old and passed away since they left us. After all it makes little difference who responds to this sentiment, because it means the same to all of us—no matter what our age. It means the days of our youth—the days when all the world seemed wonderful—the days of our first impressions.

And how those first impressions last. I never read in book or magazine a description of a beautiful bit of nature that I do not see its reproduction in my memory of this dear old town. Be it a view of the distant mountain or of the nearer hill, meadow or wood, trout stream or lake, beautiful village on the hill with its academy and churches, and higher up the silent city of the dead or quiet village in the valley or hamlet by the stream that runs the mill—they are part of my memory of Peacham, and they form a beautiful series around that central and dearest picture of my early home and mother.

Fortunate indeed is the boy whose early days are passed

in such a town. The air is pure, the springs are pure, the influences are pure. Work is the normal condition and manual labor honorable.

How many a boy following horses and harrow in the fields of this town has entertained himself morning and afternoon repeating the best thoughts from the best authors that have been made familiar to him by that prince of drill masters, Mr. Bunker.

The value of such discipline cannot be overestimated. Fill a boy's mind with such thoughts and there is not much room for evil. It is the idle, empty boy that is in danger.

The old farmer put it about right; said he, "You fill a one half bushel measure with sound, clean wheat, shake it down, put in more wheat, 'strick' it off and the Devil himself can't get in much chaff."

Mr. Toastmaster and friends, I am glad that I am here to-day. I can't tell you how much I have enjoyed the meeting of friends, this renewal of old associations.

But I am glad for another reason. This means a revival of interest in Peacham Academy. I am glad that this committee has been appointed. It means money for the school.

We who are friends should improve our every opportunity to help this grand old institution.

Perhaps nowhere in this country is American push and energy better seen than in the famous twin cities of the great Northwest in the Mississippi Valley. Minneapolis is stocked with New England pluck and *Vermont cash*. There Caledonia County takes no back seat. One of our own boys stopped long enough in this mad rush for fame and fortune to attend this celebration, and we have retained him to make his peace with the past and the present.

#### OUR ACADEMY.

Born of patriotism and intelligence, having crowned herself with a century of well-won honors, she has the respect of the people of this county and State, and lives and will live in the hearts of her sons and daughters.

#### REMARKS OF HAZEN M. PARKER.

Peacham has always enjoyed certain distinctions. Among these are her name and her religious and educational institutions.

I have endeavored to find if there is any other place in the world of the same name, and have failed, and have often wondered where she got it.

The early settlers of Peacham were of the highest type, men of intelligence and culture, who believed in education and religious training.

As the first settlers of Massachusetts first established the church and then Harvard College, so the early settlers of Peacham hastened to found, first a church, then this school,



MISS MIRIAM DIAMOND

1895





and a little later the public library, all complements of each other in elevating the intelligence and morals of the community. They established and maintained these institutions by self-sacrifice born of ardent devotion to the public good.

Their impress on this community is as indelible as these hills are immovable. Tell me when the influence of such men as John Chandler, William Chamberlin, Leonard Worcester, Thad. Stevens and David Merrill will cease and I, in turn, will tell you when Peacham will cease to exist.

The churches would not have been what they have been had it not been for the school, and the public library would not have been established if the school had not existed, and the intelligence of the community would have been several degrees lower than it has been.

The basal rock which has maintained the high excellence of the institutions of this town and the higher order of the intelligence of its people during the last century and from which have continuously flowed beneficent streams to other communities, is this school.

The people of this town have always been intelligent and thinking readers. The average intelligence of this town is several points higher than that of most other towns. She has always been an example of patriotism and public spirit. The multitudes of men and women who have been reared and educated here and have made their homes elsewhere, have, with few exceptions, been beacon lights in their respective communities.

No human power can measure the good done by this school during the last hundred years. Its influence is as permeating as the air we breathe. We all have better homes, live purer lives, and have higher aspirations by reason of it.

I once heard a man in this town, now deceased, say that this academy had always been an injury to the town, because it educated the young men and women and they then went away. Whereas, if they had not been so educated they would have continued to live here. I have often thought what a population Peacham would have were it not for this academy.

While the past is so bright and we all thereby enjoy a vantage ground which otherwise we should not have enjoyed, yet we live *in the present and for the future*. We can draw inspiration *from the past*, but cannot live *on the past*. We must always remember that there are no more birds in last year's nests.

My theme is Our Academy. I shall emphasize "Our." It is *Our Academy* because of the ties joining us to it and it to us. We were educated here. Some of our fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers were educated here, and the children of some of us are being educated here. It is ours because the strong ties of life were formed here. Being *ours*, we all owe it a duty.

We are not here to-day simply to renew old acquaintances

and to glorify the past, pleasant as that may be. We shall fail in the supreme duty of the hour, unless we recognize the wants of the academy and make such preparations as will fully equip it for the demands that will be made upon it.

It is clear to me that the institution must be put upon a better financial basis, or it will be unable to compete with other first class schools and do the work which it should.

The needs of the institution grow as time advances. What was ample formerly is no longer adequate. These needs have been vividly portrayed by Professor Cambridge. We have already set in motion agencies looking toward the betterment of the school. To carry out the plans inaugurated we all must do something, small though it be.

If we have a tithe of the spirit and energy of the founders of this institution, we shall place it beyond the possibility of need. While I believe this people appreciate this school and its value to them and to this town, they do not *fully* appreciate it.

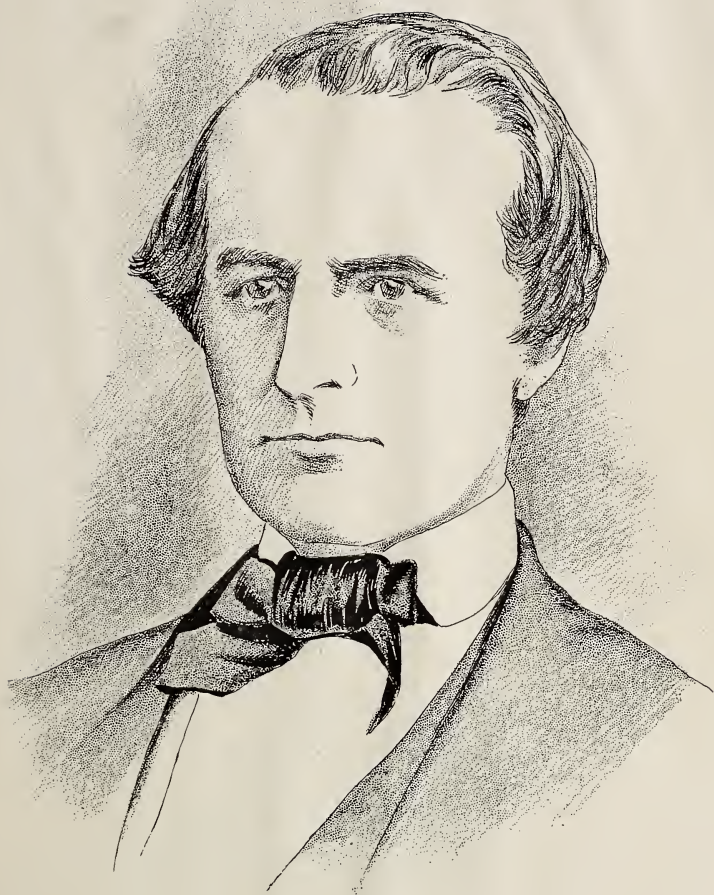
This is the opportunity for you to demonstrate that you are a credit to your ancestors, and that you recognize and appreciate the debt you owe to this institution founded by them.

Every dollar that this town may see fit to put into the treasury of this academy will add two dollars to the wealth of the town. If the citizens here will do their share toward the proper funding of this school, they can count on help from those who have removed from here and reside elsewhere.

It is sometimes said that the field of usefulness of the academy is not as great as formerly. That so many other schools have sprung up that the territory to draw from is reduced. I cannot think so. While there are new schools, there are new scholars. More young people are seeking education than formerly. There are large numbers of boys and girls growing up on these hillsides, and these, as formerly, are the ones that the world looks to to do its work. If we can educate these alone, we may well be content. But the field is far greater. Let it be known that this school is thoroughly equipped and can give first-class advantages and there will be no lack of students, and they will come from parts you least expect. These beautiful hills will continue to attract. They with the high moral tone of the people, the freedom from temptation, will bring families here to educate their children, provided the advantages offered are adequate.

This school must advance or it must retrograde. If it does not continue as a first-class school, it will rapidly degenerate. If we improve this opportunity and do our duty, we shall start this academy into the second century of its existence fully equipped to maintain its past record. If we fail in our duty, it will start on its second hundred years crippled and unable to maintain itself and we shall show ourselves to be unworthy recipients of the benefactions of the fathers.

If I were asked the question "What Is Woman's Sphere?" I should take an ordinary school *globe* and say "That is



REV. JAMES M. BEATTIE  
President, 1867-1884





woman's sphere." If there is any part that doesn't belong to them, it must be the North Pole, for that is a little skittish yet. From the Garden of Eden to Denver, Col., they are the *moving* force. They captured man centuries ago. When they can capture themselves, the millennium will have come. But whatever the future may have in store for us, may that equality never banish true chivalry. Peacham has many daughters who are here to honor the day, and I offer this toast:

### THE EDUCATION OF WOMAN FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY SARAH A. BAILEY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

It matters not what century or clime,  
We love them still.

When the elder Adam was in his prime,  
In the early reign of Father Time,  
Weary, perhaps with his gardening,  
He fell asleep—it may have been spring—  
But whatever the season, the fact is known  
That when he awoke he was minus a bone,  
But found, unless the records deceive,  
That unique creation, Mother Eve.  
His manly chivalry thus aroused,  
The woman's cause he straight espoused,  
And began at once with purpose kind  
The cultivation of her mind.

And so, through all the centuries on,  
That work so piously begun  
Remains a problem still unsolved,  
No perfect woman yet evolved;  
But light is breaking on our view,  
We hail to-day the woman "new,"  
Even while our gaze is backward cast  
To this loved vision of the past.

Woman fifty years ago  
Was wise, not learned, as all must know,  
For it plainly was not the Original Plan  
That she should rank as the peer of man;  
But being of grand old Puritan stock,  
Grounded and founded on Plymouth Rock,  
She was earnest, brave, and true—  
The honored mother of me and you;  
Well might we barter our pounds and pence  
For a tithe of her homely common sense.

Though she was fed in those early times  
On the Rule of Three and diluted rhymes,  
And the wise ones said the female brain  
Was quite too weak to bear the strain

Required to master well the classics,  
And as for higher mathematics,  
The component parts of her cerebrum  
Wouldn't allow her to tackle um,  
She wasn't one you could hypnotize,  
You would not try it if you were wise.

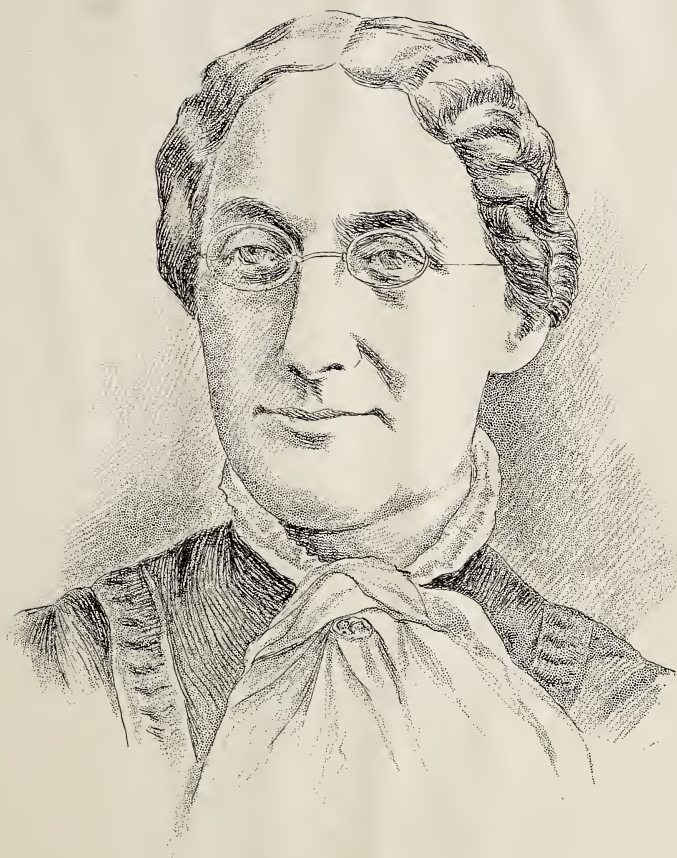
The sciences were quite too tough;  
Though she was counted wise enough  
To apply them, as she turned the wheel,  
Or leavened with hope the family meal.  
It wasn't seemly she should be  
Versed in the awful mystery of political economy;  
While feminine autonomy  
Was a subject as far beyond her ken  
As it is to-day to most of men.

There wasn't even a woman's club  
In that seat of culture we call the Hub  
Of all this mighty nation,  
But humbly keeping her station,  
She never held a college degree,  
Nor sought for fame as a poor M. D.  
She hadn't even the ghost of a mission  
So undeveloped was her ambition.

No student of Blackstone then was she,  
Nor preacher with a great D. D.—  
Or other alphabetical riddle  
For which she never cared a fiddle—  
Attached to her name like a comet's tail,  
Riding the skies like a ship full sail.

Education to-day implies,  
So the school men theorize,  
Evolution from a germ—  
A conveniently ambiguous term—  
Gradual unfolding from within,  
Or development of Original Sin,  
The only germ of any kind  
Indigenous to the infant mind.  
You can have this theory at its worth,  
It hasn't yet been run to earth,  
It wasn't defined exactly so,  
From a hobby not so good by half.

But fifty years or so ago  
It wasn't defined exactly so,  
But was a pouring of all kinds  
Of abstract facts into suffering minds,  
Where by the law of affinity  
Each sought its fellow of like degree,



MISS J. CHAMBERLAIN





And this vast conglomeration  
Was dubbed in those days an education,  
But though of methods you chose the new,  
The fathers got there as well as you;  
But 'twas thought that only the masculine brain  
Inured to hardships, could stand the strain,  
And I'm not trying to prove to-day  
That there is a yet more excellent way,  
But give the facts as they come to me  
And leave the scales of justice free.  
Yet somehow or other this noble dame,  
Though all unknown to the ranks of fame,  
Was the motive power in the family  
As all who remember her will agree.  
And though she followed the Pauline rule,  
And made of home her principal school,  
'Tis said she often distanced her master,  
Her intuitions travelling faster  
Than his lumbering logic's sober pace,  
And very often she won the race.

Toastmaster McClary was now obliged to leave, and George B. M. Harvey was called upon to preside. He was greeted with cheers and the Chautauqua salute, which was also given to Mr. McClary as he left the stage.

#### WHEN WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER.

REMARKS BY L. H. MEADER.

It is with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure that we return to the scenes of our boyhood school days, after the lapse of almost a quarter of a century.

All day yesterday and to-day we sat in the seats yonder, and with an enthusiasm we could not suppress applauded every exercise.

The old school, the playground, the familiar faces—all carry us back. When we were boys these were familiar scenes. The people of this village received us into their social circles in which not the "Four Hundred," but the "Eight Hundred" took part.

Here we were surrounded with wholesome religious influences. The people were patient with our foibles, and so kind were they that we came to feel that we had only to step into the outside world, when our school days should be done, to find a cordial welcome in whatever calling our fancies might prompt us to select.

Many of us have for years pushed against the jostling world in our struggle for existence, and I think our boyhood day dreams, while not fully realized, have had some reality; for the things learned here and the methods of learning them have helped to make better men and women of us all.

Old Hamilcar led his son Hannibal to the altar, it is said, and caused him to swear eternal hatred against the Romans.

This week I have taken my little "Hannibals" to the shrines of my boyhood in Peacham. They have taken no oaths, these were not needed. The fact that these places are so near my heart will, I fervently hope, be a tie to bind them to honor all that I esteemed.

When we were boys, in the old lyceum debates, we discussed and settled (?) questions that had given statesmen and legislators solicitude, only to find as we took up the active duties of life that they must be settled again, and that they would not "down" at our bidding.

On yonder platform the eloquence of Rienzi, Regulus, Spartacus and Patrick Henry was always invested with a new interest as these time-honored declamations did service week after week, year after year.

Shall we forget "The Old Clock on the Stairs," "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night" and gems from the other great masters of English song which the girls presented as their contributions on Friday afternoons? And the old reading book! We were thrilled by its selections—we read and re-read them. What grander literature have we in our language than Macaulay's essay on Warren Hastings?

The description of the great hall of William Rufus was the admiration of us all. Nor should we omit "Voices of the Dead" and "Over the River."

The echoes of yonder school rooms, ladies and gentlemen, are fragrant with tender memories.

But these days are gone; our places are filled by others; other footsteps and other voices are heard in recitation room and corridors.

We are loyal to the old school, to the town, and its people; we want to see the present administration prosper and carry the institution forward; but for us—the boys of yesterday—for us, loyal as we feel to the school of to-day, the approach to Peacham Academy as the vista of the years lengthens will be by "Bunker Hill."

There are three times when we wish to have our doctor within instant call. At birth, through life and at death. Any other call outside of these usually results in an autopsy, but for your sakes I'm going to chance it to-day.

## THE PRESS OF PEACHAM.

ADDRESS BY DR. E. R. CLARK.

This occasion is to me one of the pleasantist. It is an occasion to which I have looked forward with much interest for many years. I know by your eager faces here to-day and the many pleasant greetings that have been exchanged that this is to mark a milestone in our lives.

Now, there is the hydraulic press, the clothes press, the

press of the hot goose, the press of people, and the printing press.

Now, these presses which I have mentioned in their various capacities are all indicative of power. The hydraulic press exerts its power in compressing articles into smaller compass, the clothes press by preserving to us our wardrobes, the press of the hot goose by making our trousers a little more presentable to the eyes of our neighbors. The press of people has been manifest on more than one occasion both for good and evil. The printing press exerts its power by diffusion. As the inventor of printing revolutionized learning, so the invention of the cylinder press increased the power of the press for diffusion many, many fold.

But to our tale. In February, 1798, Samuel Goss and Amos Farley having learned the printer's trade in the office of Thomas and Worcester in Worcester, Mass.—being then the largest printing office in New England if not in America—removed to Peacham and began the publication of the Green Mountain Patriot, which continued until 1807, a copy of which, published in 1806, I now hold in my hand.

A few years before this a Mr. Wattau, who had a son Ezekiel, moved to town from Hollis, N. H., and used the hot goose to such good advantage that he became indispensable to the citizens of the town. Ezekiel attended the academy when on yonder hill, and at about the age of fifteen was apprenticed to the printing trade in the office of Farley and Goss. With them about March, 1807, he removed to Montpelier, and in the course of time he bought out the already established Vermont Watchman, improved and enlarged it from time to time, making it a power in the state. He inaugurated Wattau's Vermont Register which, with enlargements and improvements, has become a household necessity and is famed in the office of every business man in New England. Later he became Gen. Ezekiel P. Wattau, the associate of the most eminent men of his time and the councillor of Governors, Senators and Presidents.

A little later two Peacham boys, who got whatever training they ever had in the schools at Peacham Academy, entered the office of Ezekiel P. Wattau, and after serving their time, while Joseph Clark at Wells River was printing the spelling book by which our fathers learned the A, B, C of literature, Oliver Johnson, with eleven other kindred souls, formed the Massachusetts Anti-slavery Society, and became the life-long friend and biographer of William Lloyd Garrison and the coadjutor of Phillips and Greeley and Beecher, and helped to teach the American people the F, G, H of human liberty, the A, B, C of which had been learned before Plymouth Rock. And now it remains for you and for me, if we are worthy sons of worthy sires, to finish the work so well by them begun.

But this is not all. This same Samuel Goss and Amos Farley in 1799 invited to Peacham him of whom they had



learned their trade, who now had become Rev. Leonard Worcester.

According to my best judgment to the Rev. Leonard Worcester, Peacham and the whole world owes more than to any one man who lived in town; for without dividing he destroyed divisions, and without leaving an unsightly scar, by the inspirations of his genius, he healed all wounds and thus unified all parties in one homogeneous whole and welded them, heated by the fires of love and respect and the hammer blows of his logic, into a mass which after a lapse of more than fifty years still remains.

In what other way but by the genius of this same Leonard Worcester and his faithfulness in instructing his flock can we account for the rugged patriotism of the late Thaddeus Stevens, of whom an eminent divine said in a recent discourse, "He was the man in his last days weak in body, so weak that he had to be carried to the halls of Congress by his faithful man, but alert in mind, so alert that the pointing of his finger made men tremble." In my boyhood days just at the close of the war, I remember seeing a little scrap of poetry concerning Mr. Stevens, only a few lines of which I can now recall.

"Gnarled and tough though seventy winters  
Is a bitter grizzly rod,  
When, to squelch some speaker rapid  
Rises Pennsylvania Thad."

In my heart I verily believe that the teachings of Father Worcester made possible the late David Merrill, the author of that now justly famous "ax sermon." This sermon at once placed Mr. Merrill in the front rank of thinkers, preachers and teachers of his time.

Previous to 1860, 2,500,000 copies had been circulated, since which time it has been translated into nearly every language under heaven, and has been read the wide world around.

What can I say of that great army of men and women who, though perhaps less distinguished, have, in their various spheres, done a noble work for God, for humanity and for mankind. Some have passed on to the beyond, some are still with us, and of these very many are on the verge of the better land.

I hold in my hand the latest production of the Press of Peacham, "The Pencil," published monthly by "Bub" and "Sis," and though small in size, yet it is big in heart, though narrow in circumference, it is pregnant with expectations.

Now, when all the stories have been told and all the pages have been written and the evidence has all been summed up by whomsoever it may be, if the truth has been discovered, I believe it will be found that Father Worcester, the master printer, the master mind, was a spring in the mountains, a fountain from which has proceeded very much of the best there is in the

moral and intellectual development of the sons and daughters of our noble old academy.

Since the Northmen became Normans, the hills have dominated the valleys and the farms the cities; Green Mountain boys have captured something besides Ticonderoga in York State. Wherever the world's work is being done you'll find our boys, and be it soil or air, blood or nurture, I give you this toast with one of the boys to answer it.

### THE MEN WE BREED.

We boast no pedigree, but only claim the laurels that in life's great battle we can win.

POEM BY THAD S. VARNUM.

Not always from the highest peaks the clearest view is gained.  
On slopes below, the cloud-drifts lie  
Bewildering the earnest eye,  
Howe'er toward truth its sight be strained.

So we, who breed from Peacham's hills are given right to pride,  
Though not so high her summit sit  
As some, we know her fair and fit,  
Nor yet belying nor belied.

If few, we find, the deathless names her honor roll adorn,  
As few are those whom guilt or shame  
May justly brand with mark of flame,  
Or set in pillory for scorn.

And all her lists are thickly set with men and women true,  
Who, hiding not a humbler light  
Have done, with sturdy, honest might,  
The tasks their hands have found to do.

If leaders born to light a world have found no nurture here,  
Yet strong are we in those whose need  
Of leadership is small indeed,  
Who falter not, nor faint, nor fear.

Her glory is that all her sons, by grace of what she taught,  
Have learned that faith and simple worth  
Inherit still God's wholesome earth,  
And goodly tribute here have brought.

Let those who pledge a boastful faith to schools of wider fame,  
Guard well their record and their cause—  
If we may judge by fewest flaws,  
None stands above her shining name.

There was one function connected with our academy that

will never be forgotten by Peacham boys. That's where we annually discussed the question of capital punishment and listened to soul-stirring chronicles from rosy-lipped editresses. This banquet would be incomplete without this toast:

#### THE OLD LYCEUM,

A training school where swords were cleaned of rust.

*John C Stewart, York Me.*

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen—Friends, it lacks but a very few days of thirty years since I fist came to Peacham from Orange County. I brought with me a partner and we very soon established a reputation. We hung out no sign, and well-established tradition says that we had no fixed place of business. We trusted only a very select few; but I found on my arrival here that the reputation of the firm had not faded from the memory of your citizens. One of the oldest, as he grasped my hand, said: "John Stewart, I forgive you for all you ever did to me." He then went on to recite a long list of crimes and sins of which I had never even heard. I soon realized that he was forgiving me, not only the crimes and sins I had committed, but all I had omitted to commit.

When your toastmaster wrote me several days ago assigning me this subject, he told me to take "ten minutes and put some fun in it." That evening, as I sat in my office, down by the sounding sea, I went back in memory to the old days. I called up in mind each of the old boys and girls and, my friends, I assure you there was no fun in it. A thousand memories crowded themselves upon me, and had I followed my own inclination I would not be here to-day. I am here because I am a loyal son of the old school, to meet and greet my brothers and sisters, children of one common foster-mother. I love the old academy and the town with an affection that does not fade with the falling blossoms of your apple trees, but rather increases as the season advances, and I think some of you believe it formerly ripened with the fruit.

But I am to speak to you of the "Old Lyceum." Was there any fun in that? Some of you come from the forum, others from the rostrum. You have been engaged in the discussion of weighty and important questions, but I ask you, did you ever devote yourselves any more seriously or earnestly to these than you did to the questions you debated in the "Old Lyceum"? If so you failed to get the most out of it. There we would have taught him the very rudiments of eloquence—old Demosthenes himself. There we discussed and decided questions of statecraft which had troubled Jefferson; of finance which had bothered Hamilton; of constitutional law, which had puzzled Webster; of theology, which Luther and Calvin had ignored. We established or set aside, at pleasure, the wisdom of all former *savants*; the most abstract and abstruse problems of morals and ethics were fearlessly disposed of. In the





MRS. C. A. BUNKER





discussions we had there, as in after years, we sought to have the questions decided in our favor. One or the other of the disputants was defeated. But we had one man who, when it was necessary, took part in the discussion upon both sides, thus assuring victory to himself in any event.

But our debates were not confined to the discussion of the regular questions. I recollect one in which I was an intensely interested participant, which took place in the old hall immediately after the close of one of the meetings. There was a very interesting young lady who lived just a little way down the street. With Horace McClary I debated the question as to which of us should accompany her home. She decided the matter and went "up on the hill."

"Ah, those were happy days,  
Those good old days of yore,  
When Bunker *run* the school,  
And Varnum *kept* the store.

One of the prophets takes for his wail, "We are no better than our fathers." If he belonged to the *coming* generation, we should say, "What are you kicking about, do you want the Earth?" I have a great respect for this coming generation, and three of it keep me pretty busy. The world moves fast these days and the first half of the twentieth century will accelerate the pace. I toast them to-day.

## THE RISING GENERATION.

ADDRESS BY MRS. MINA MERRILL HOOKER.

A subject of especial interest, particularly if we are so fortunate as to possess a few specimens ourselves, is "The Rising Generation." Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was once asked when the education of a child should begin. He replied, "A hundred years before it is born." We are reminded to-day that the education of our children began a hundred years ago, when our forefathers decided and arranged to give their children and children's children an opportunity for higher education by having placed here this Academy, for which thoughtful kindness we return them our hearty thanks.

At the close of this century, when colleges are more numerous than academies were a hundred years ago, one need not speak of the advantages and influences of education for every one. So needful is this considered by the State for its own prosperity by developing the character of the child, that attendance at public school is made compulsory. The child to-day who is the citizen to-morrow should be thoroughly prepared for all the duties which may come to him.

We rarely meet a person who complains of having been too highly educated; but the question is sometimes asked, does it pay? Statistics say yes, even in a purely material

sense. A few years ago one of the boys in the Academy gave an oration upon the old adage, "Knowledge is Power." A long list of names familiar to us all, from among the former members of this school, might be given to illustrate this truth. Among them would be found that of the orator mentioned, who is with us to-day and orders the toasts. But book learning is a small part of education. One may have this alone and be merely an educated crank. These people are fully as disagreeable as cranks of any other kind. One who has had classes for many years and still has them deems other lessons more important than those learned from books, such as honesty, truth, frankness, courage, love and humility; that envy is ignorance, that imitation is suicide, that evils resisted are blessings. "It is the heart and not the brain that to the highest doth attain." Would not such training as this make more sure the life of the nation?

We hear on all sides that our Academy has had a glorious past. This is an indisputable fact, but what will be its future? It must depend upon the rising generation. We are proud of the many strong men and women who have been connected with this school. We believe that at the coming celebration fifty years from now we shall hear many more names brought forth with pride as having been students of the C. C. G. S.

Every parent present could foretell some of these names now! We hear much comment upon the Coming Woman. Whatever she may be we trust she will be an evolution of the best, and that the Coming Man, who is just as much of a conundrum, will be the "survival of the fittest." Great responsibilities rest upon them, for to them we look to retrieve all our mistakes, both of omission and commission. We have great faith in these young people and great sympathy for them. We wish for them all the aids possible in the cultivation of mind, heart and hands.

Our village is little changed to returning scholars. The same houses, hills, valleys and mountains. Academy Hill has had its fine view enlarged by an Observatory, where one may mount up with wings—that is, the rising generation may do so, while the rest of us will toil after, as usual—and view the landscape o'er. This we owe to kind friends who do not forget Peacham and her children. We have an improved school building, but they will miss the old pillars covered with memories and pencil marks. If one coat of paint after another could have been removed from them, the name of nearly every boy and girl from the time the Academy was built on down through the century would have come to light. We would recognize many who have since made a mark in the world.

May this generation realize, while they are living there, that these are "halcyon days," and when all days are over may all their names with those past and those to come be found inscribed in that Book of Life—beyond.

A man without friends might as well hand in his obituary to the comic newspapers. He is like a political combination that

appeared in the last election. He's dead and don't know it. Acquaintances come and friends linger. As with a man, so with a school. Peacham Academy has ever commanded the respect and friendship of the surrounding communities, and we offer this toast,

### OUR FRIENDS.

REMARKS BY MARSHALL MONTGOMERY.

Mr. Montgomery responded in substance that our friends are the friends of this school, the friends of Peacham. Everybody that knows about this school is a friend of it. Peacham has worked hard to maintain its school and it has a good one. All of us here, and many who were not able to come, love no town better than this one.

It is said by those who know, that the best should always come last. That is why our ladies always want the last word and to-day they shall have it. The toast is the bonniest, sweetest, rosiest morsel that I can offer.

### PEACHAM GIRLS.

Sui generis, eas omnes amamus.

*By Mary Hale Sargeant.*

### "PEACHAM GIRLS."

I am keeping tryst with memories,  
And by their aid I see,  
Full many a scene, delightful,  
In days of Used-To-Be.

I see among the mountains,  
And closely snuggled down,  
Away, o'er miles of distance,  
An old New England town.

Beginning, it was "Meacham,"  
But that looked "meaching" quite,  
Low down, cowering, or may be  
Like something out of sight!

And so, some good old father,  
Thought "Peacham" would be best,  
No doubt he thought of peaches,  
As his lips together pressed—

Saw worth and wealth together  
Clasp hands; enlarge the town;  
Saw wisdom yoked with learning,  
Build up, and settle down.



This is, of course, but fancy;  
This "Peaches" tale! I *know*  
The pretty town of Peacham  
Did among the mountains grow.

I know was built a school-house,  
One hundred years ago;  
Where young ideas were tutored  
To make some little show.

I know a man named Harvey,  
In good, old-fashioned way,  
Was called to wield the sceptre  
His descendant wields to-day!

But oh, those girls of Peacham!  
So giddy, full of fun;  
With tongues and hands all ready,  
Were mischief to be done.

No "caps and gowns" in prospect,  
No "graduation" lure,  
To captivate the classes,  
The "parchment" to secure.

But were a "lark" on tapis,  
Those girls were always there;  
To them 'twas stealing peaches,  
And each one took her share.

'Twas "*Hale*" come on my hearties!  
Fear not, for "*Bunker's*" light;  
Our "*Cowles*" just ache for burning,  
I move we make a light.

There's "Blanchard," too, and "Johnson,"  
And "Harriman" will try,  
Our wise and staid "Professor,"  
With some old jokes to "guy."

I see them here beside me;  
They answer memory's call;  
"Mattocks," "Merrill," "Chandler,"  
"Varnum," "Chamberlin," "Paul."

There were "Shedd," "Kinerson," "Strobridge,"  
With many another name,  
Of whom a cherished memory  
Is all to-day we claim.

There was a "Way" of doing,  
A "Hidden" sly "McClary,"  
With cunning hand and ready,  
Altho' it seemed most wary.



MISS LUCY PERRY



While "Martin," "Parker," "Pearson,"  
With "Choate" and "Eastman" all,  
Receive the welcome plaudit,  
"Well done," when comes the call.

Oh, those merry, jolly maidens!  
Their ways were mischief strewn;  
Unmindful of the *Future*,  
They claimed *To-day* their own.

They knew by intuition,  
That life would bring its care;  
That fruits less sweet than "peaches,"  
Would fall for each one's share.

But they were brave and daring,  
Would do a woman's work;  
And when came cares or crosses,  
No Peacham girl would shirk!

They'd push with steady shoulder,  
If this way o'er or that;  
If true the wheel, or wobbling,  
They'd know where *they* were "at!"

It is not always *studying*,  
That makes a woman grand;  
It is the rule of living,  
That tells throughout the land!

And hearts responsive, ready  
For what the moments' call,  
Will rise above Life's trials  
And triumph over all.

And so though scattered widely,  
O'er North, South, East or West,  
I know each "girl" of Peacham,  
If living—lives her best.

While they with life-work finished,  
Who rest upon the "Hill,"  
Speak through their cherished influence,  
Bid *us* press onward, still.

Col. Harvey now closed the afternoon's speech making. He said much praise was due those who had taken great pains to make this centennial a success. He moved that a vote of thanks be extended especially to Mrs. Charles A. Bunker and in general to all the committees and others who had worked in the interest of this occasion. He was pleased to announce that despite the somewhat large expense the voluntary con-



tributions were sufficient to pay every dollar of it. He urged all who had been members of the school to join the alumni association, which had just been organized to aid in the future progress of the school. He regretted that out of the 400 old students present but 100 had up to that time joined the association. This association is going to do a great work for this school and if we can get some money in the treasury we will begin at once. He then announced that as a starter they wanted \$500, of which the finance committee would give \$250. The other \$250 was raised in about three minutes. A. M. Ricker, Alma Parker, Mr. Flint, Mr. Strong and Mr. Ricker, Sr., each giving \$50. A large number of \$5 gifts quickly swelled the amount to \$750 and then Col. Harvey wanted a thousand and said the finance committee would give \$125 more. The desired amount was quickly obtained. Mrs. M. C. Wheeler gave \$25, a gentleman friend of Mrs. Bunker's \$50, Dr. L. F. Parker \$25, and there were a number who gave \$10, \$15 and \$20. When the \$1,000 was obtained three rousing cheers were given for Col. Harvey and then music closed the afternoon's exercises. The quick response to the call for aid showed the strong attachment the old scholars have for the school. They have contributed money where there was need of it and where it will do much good. The \$1,000 was raised to \$1,500 during the evening.

#### EVENING.

Another concert was given in the Congregational Church in the evening to accommodate the many who were crowded out the night before. About 500 people were present and greatly enjoyed the programme, which, though not as long, was fully as good as the one of the evening before. Both the orchestras played several selections and there were clarinet and violin solos. Prof. Conant rendered a very pleasing solo, "Lead Thou Me On," with music of his own composition. After the concert an interview at the Academy Hall was largely attended. The grounds were finely decorated with Japanese lanterns. Music was furnished by the Neapolitan orchestra. A pleasant social time was enjoyed by all.

#### NOTES.

During the noon hour Thursday a marker of the Sons of the American Revolution was placed on the grave of Gen. Wm. Chamberlin, with appropriate ceremonies, by his grandson, Willie Strong, of Auburndale, Mass., with prayer by Rev. S. S. Martyn, remarks by Wm. Strong and Rev. Dr. E. E. Strong, and singing of the first verse of "America" by friends.

Two other graves of Revolutionary soldiers were visited. At the grave of Major Blake, I. G. Blake, a descendant, made a few remarks, and prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. E. E. Strong. The second verse of "America" was sung. At the grave of Edward Clark, the builder of churches and school

houses, remarks were made by E. W. Clark, his grandson, prayer was offered by Rev. P. B. Fisk, and the last verse of "America" was sung.

It is a matter of deep regret to the secretary and to others that many of the former students were not reached by invitation or by letter. This arose from two reasons; our seemingly large number of invitaitons was too small for the necessities of the occasion and the utter inability to obtain the addresses of many who had been long absent from Peacham. A warm welcome awaited any old friend and amid the joy of renewed friendships there was many a regret over the absence of those who were unable to be present.

## THE OBSERVATORY.

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The Observatory, erected the present season in the Academy grove, was the thought of Mr. John D. Flint, of Fall River, Mass., who visited Peacham last year, proposed the building of such a tower, offering to contribute generously toward its expense, thinking that the grand and at the same time beautiful view from its top could not fail to inspire old and young to noble living.

Messrs. G. B. M. Harvey, F. E. Sargeant, John G. Brown, B. K. Marsh, and J. R. Kinerson were also liberal contributors.







